THE CITIZEN.

"Europe, not England, is the Mother Country of America."

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COUNTY CORK GOSSIP.

Something About the Ancestry of the Late Eminent O'Neill Daunt.

His Father, An Army Officer, Killed In a Duel By One of the Cork Connors.

In due time the Irish people will, no doubt, be presented with a biography of the late O'Neill Daunt. A history of the life of that great man, from the pen of his son, Mr. Achilles Daunt, would form one of the most interesting contributions to Irish literature that has been presented to the public for a very considerable period. For the young men of Ireland, it would be specially instructive. Mr. O'Neill Daunt's long public career, extending back beyond the era of Catholic emancipation, says the Cork correspondent of the *Independent*, was one long example of steadfast, consistent, independent work for Ireland. The fact that there was open treachery and flagrant betrayals at almost regular intervals, never induced him to relinquish his work for his native land. He went ahead in spite of all difficulties, and died as he had lived, an Irishman who had under all circumstances been faithful to his fatherland. He was, undoubtedly, one of the greatest Irishmen of the century, and a worthier monument could not be raised to his memory than the publication of his life and letters by the companion of his declining years—the son who is following in the footsteps of his father as a worthy Irishman.

The late Mr. W. J. O'Neill Daunt's father was a captain in the army, and belonged to one of the leading families of the county of Cork. His mother was the daughter of Prof. Wilson, a Fellow of Trinity College, Dublin. When he was twenty years of age, that is in the year 1826, his father fell deadly wounded in a duel with Mr. Connor, the father of the present Mr. Daniel Connor, J.P., Manch, and the grandfather of Mr. H. D. Connor, M.P., an able member of the [illegible] party. The combatants [illegible] blood. The duel came off on a summer's morning at Ritchrew, on the opposite side of the Blackwater to Youghal, and the gallant Capt. Daunt fell with a bullet through his forehead. Mr. Connor fled to France, where he remained for a number of years. It is not so long that he died at a very advanced age. The death of Capt. Daunt under such tragic circumstances created the greatest sorrow in the neighborhood for he was extremely popular. A few old people who remember the incident well, have told me that the one vivid recollection of their early days is the bringing home of the body of the dead officer for interment in the ancient graveyard of Ballymoney, near the Ballyneen railway station. The peasantry, they say, were frantic in their grief. The spot where he is buried is marked by a modest headstone somewhat the worse for age, though the inscription is still quite distinct. Mr. O'Neill Daunt has not been interred there, however, but in the cemetery attached to the Dunmanway Catholic church, where he was laid to rest on Monday of this week.

When a young man O'Neill Daunt joined the Catholic church, some say through the influence of his tutor. Whoever was the cause there cannot be the smallest doubt but the conversion was one due to the strongest convictions. One of my earliest recollections is of O'Neill Daunt driving in his pony phaeton to 10o'clock mass of a Sunday morning to the little church of Ballinacarriga, a portion of the Dunmanway parish. This church is situated close to the castle of the O'Hurleys, which commanded the pass into the Carberries in Cromwell's time. In those days, and perhaps still, Ballinacarriga Catholic church was a modest but neat structure, and O'Neill Daunt, with the members of his family, were accustomed to hear mass within the altar rails near the door of the sacristry. I remember well what an affectionate interest the congregation were always accustomed to take in the old man. The last time I saw him was either in 1881 or 1882, when he spoke at a Land League meeting in the fair green of Ballygurteen. He was then remarkably vigorous for a man of his years.

The mention of the duel in which Mr. Connor, of Manch, shot Capt. Daunt, reminds me of the fact that the former was a near relative of the famous Arthur O'Connor, of '98, who afterwards became a general in the French army. Arthur O'Connor was a native of Fort Robert, the ruins of which stand on an eminence directly opposite Kilcaskan Castle, on the other side of the Bandon River. Both banks of the river at this point are well wooded, and Kilcaskan Castle, the residence of the Dauntz, forms one of the prettiest views along the valley of the Bandon. The O'Connors of Fort Robert were the owners of a large tract of the country in the neighborhood, but when Gen. Arthur O'Connor, the illustrious Irishman, fell in for the property he was in France, and its management fell into the hands of Roger, his brother, and his fellow-prisoner in '98. Roger O'Connor, however, was either a very bad manager or a very unscrupulous one. At any rate, the General received but little advantage from it, and so the estate passed into other hands. Fergus O'Connor, of Chartist fame, a son of the Roger O'Connor just mentioned, was born at Fort Robert, and was a follower of O'Connell's at the time that O'Neill Daunt was the private secretary of the Liberator. Fergus was member for the city of Cork about the year 1833, but he quarrelled with O'Connell, and went to England. Some members of the O'Connor family are interred in a vault, long disused, in the Ballymoney churchyard, where O'Neill Daunt's father lies buried. Roger O'Connor, who died a Catholic, after experiencing Protestantism and open infidelity, is buried across the country in Kilcreagh Abbey.

Mr. Achilles Daunt, J. P., is the only son of the dead patriot. He is a country gentleman, with cultured tastes. He is very popular in the neighborhood, as is his wife, an English lady. He is a good Irishman, and takes as deep an interest in the financial relations between England and Ireland as his father did. Some recent letters of his attracted very considerable attention because of their close reasoning and able statement of facts relating to the taxation of Ireland. It is a thousand pities that he is not in parliament. He has all the ability, earnestness and independence of character to fit him for being a most useful Irish member. But he is too retiring a gentleman to ever think of such a thing himself, though I am sure he is too good an Irishman to refuse the invitation if the constituents of his native South Cork would ask him to represent them in parliament on non-party lines, for like his father, he is one of those Nationalists who, not being mixed up in active political affairs, have contented themselves with serving Ireland as best they can outside the ranks of the constituted parties of the day.

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O'Neill Daunt's Last Letter.

Just a week before his lamented death Mr. W. J. O'Neill Daunt addressed the following interesting letter, regarding the Budget proposals, to the *Cork Examiner*:

"KILCASCAN, June 22.—*Sir:* Allow me a few words on the present financial condition of Ireland in relation to the great increase of her burthens proposed by the author of the Budget.

"Ireland is already scourged to the bone by the taxes introduced by Mr. Gladstone.

"'The fact,' said Sir Joseph McKenna in 1887, 'is scarcely put figuratively, when I say that Ireland has been paying away her life's blood in taxation. She than three millions a year beyond what she had to pay for the ten years antecedent to 1853.'

"In 1853 Mr. Gladstone was chancellor of the exchequer, and he used the power conferred by the Union to extort an inordinate amount of taxation from Ireland. The taxes paid by Ireland into the imperial treasury for the twenty years from 1833 to 1852 inclusive, amounted to £86,667,175, being an average of £4,305,626 per annum. In 1853, Mr. Gladstone imposed the income tax, and, subsequently, other imposts on Ireland, so that in the twenty years from 1853 to 1872 inclusive, the Irish taxes amounted to £181,851,265, being an average of about £6,524,745 per annum. Deducting the total of the previous twenty years from that of the twenty years ending in 1872, it will be seen that Mr. Gladstone extracted £45,184,090 more from Ireland during the second of those periods than she had paid for the twenty years previously. Up to the present date the mere Gladstonian additions to our taxes since 1853, probably exceed £60,000,000.

"The Budget now before parliament does not pretend to suppose that the persons whose income it affects can be able to pay the new taxes. It discards the hypocrisy of any such notion. How will the Irish Nationalists members deal with it? Will they support this additional outrage to their country, which 'since 1853 has been paying away her life's blood in taxation?' They are sent to the foreign parliament to protect, if possible, the interests of their countrymen. Will they give their votes to a project which says, if you cannot pay my tax, then mortgage or sell your property to make out the money?

"If they recognize their duty to resist the further spoliation of Ireland; if they possess sufficient nerve and cohesion to act as one man in their duty to Ireland, they can preserve us from the threatened infliction. The government are dependent on the Irish vote for their continuance in office. If the Nationalist members make their support of the Budget conditional on the exclusion of Ireland from its operation, they can compel the compliance of the government. Should, however, their condition be refused, and should a unanimous Nationalist vote against the Budget upset the present administration, then the same Irish party—if possessing nerve and cohesion—could, by pursuing the same tactics, enforce the resignation of their successors in office, and finally obtain some mitigation of our financial evils.

"What, then, will our Nationalist representatives do in this matter? Do they think that their country has not been sufficiently flayed by the fiscal scourge? Do they think that enough of her life blood has not yet been drained off? Do they think that the exodus has not swept away millions enough of our people, whom the monstrous and incessant drain of Irish money has deprived of home sources of support? If they think all this they may assist the enemy to intensify our grievances by his monstrous extortion. If, on the other hand, they will act in defense of Ireland's vital interests, they will show themelves worthy of the generous support they have received from our exiled brethren. I am, sir, your obedient servant,

W. J. O'N. DAUNT."

THE IRISH STAGE.

Some Reminiscences of the Days of Its Glory By An Old Playgoer.

While Garrick, the Englishman, Has Had His Biographer, His Great Irish Rival, Barry, Remains Practically Unknown in Our Generation.

[*Irish Weekly Independent.*]

"My Aunt Jane, sir, was a remarkable woman," quoth the old playgoer as he leaned back in his arm chair and watched the air beads ascending in the glass of old and crusty port that stood before him on the table. We had foregathered—he and I—in a delightful little snuggery that was situated on the second floor of a decayed city mansion where he had taken up his bachelor quarters. Dramatic works of all nations and all ages lined the book shelves on both sides of the mantlepiece. Playbills of ancient as well as modern dates concealed the patern of the wall paper, and lent the apartment the appearance of an auctioneer's ante-chamber or the liberally patronized bill-sticker. The table was littered with manuscripts, and the ficor strewn with swords, wigs, and other theatrical "properties," which supported the conviction entertained by his friends that my venerable companion at one time ambitioned the career of the "poor player who frets and fumes upon the stage." He had written several plays, too, but, sad to relate, the managers to whom he submitted them had lacked sufficient perspicacity to recognize their merits. But though fortune had not favored his Thespian aspirations whether as a creator or an exponent of the conceptions of others, my old friend had never wavered in his love of the drama. The fumes of the crowded playhouse, the blended odor of orange peel and gas, were the breath of his nostrils. The cares of the world were forgotten by him when he sat in the front row of the pit. The theatre was to him as to Charles Lamb, "the most delightful [illegible]." I had watched him frequently from an adjacent seat, noting how thoroughly he appreciated artistic excellence, and how heroically he sat out the performance of even the very worst pieces, long before I ventured to engage him in conversation. An acquaintanceship once formed rapidly developed into a fast friendship when he discovered that I had many tastes in common with his own, and as we grew more intimate it became my habit to pass a great portion of my leisure time in his society, and beneath his hospitable roof. We had just been discussing the subject of the old actors and the new, and my friend was giving me the benefit of years of comparison and retrospection when he incidentally referred to his female relative. "My Aunt Jane, sir," he said, in reply to a question of mine, "my Aunt Jane was a remarkable woman. But I should be departing from the truth if I were to tell you that she attained to any eminence upon the stage. Indeed, I believe she never appeared in any more important part than that of a lady's maid or 'a lady.' But she was more successful in dramatic authorship than your humble servant, and her unworthy nephew, sir. She never attempted high flights—mere ephemeral productions, trifling farces, or little comedies—and her output was not great. But she was a remarkable woman.

"She died worth a little money, which is a thing that can be recorded of few actors or actresses, whether of a bygone generation or of your own. My aunt was about seven years of age when John Philip Kemble made his first appearance in Dublin, and that remarkable event took place in the year previous to that in which the Volunteer movement attained its height. My aunt preserved very little recollection of this very important political upheaval, but she distinctly remembered having seen Kemble as 'Malvolio' in 'Twelfth Night'—and he was the first actor who perceived that the character should be treated seriously. As a matter of fact, though my aunt recollected very little of the events of the outside world during that very stirring period, her knowledge of the history of the Irish stage was complete. It was her conversation that first turned my mind in the direction of the drama, and awakened in me an interest in matters theatrical. I have often listened to her for hours, telling of the actors and actresses with whom she had been brought in contact during her professional career, describing their excellencies and defects upon the stage, and narrating little anecdotes of their private lives. My aunt was a member of the stock company in Smock Alley Theatre, and when that famous resort was closed she went over to Crow street, where she remained for a number of years—indeed, until it, too, yielded to the shocks of time and ceased to be the scene of great histrionic triumphs. Though, as I have suggested, my aunt's personal acquaintance with the proceedings of the Irish stage only dated from the time that 'Stately hieroglyphic of humanity," as Hazlitt calls Kemble, made his debut before an Irish audience, she had learned from her father many interesting facts in connection with the old theatres. Strange though it may seem, I have never been able to discover how it was that my revered grandfather was so thoroughly conversant with the inner life of the actors of his time. Aunt Jane would say in a tone that smacked of the manner of one of those faithful Abigails whom she had so often impersonated, that he was frequently consulted by the management, while she insinuated that Spranger Barry and Peg Woffington were his intimate friends. Of course, I never took the liberty of pressing my aunt on the point. She was an awe-inspiring dame, and I felt if I were to suggest that her esteemed progenitor had been a stage carpenter or a scene-shifter, or did business for the chandler who supplied the lights for the theatre, she would snatch from heaven a little of the tragic fire which she had seen flash from the eyes of the great actresses of her time, and pour upon my head burning words of anathema. Anyhow, whatever his position may have been, he had sufficient influence to secure his daughter a postion in the theatre. I am by no means a pessimist, as you are well aware, but I invariably experience a pang of regret when I allow my mind to wander back in reflections upon the dead glories of the Irish stage. I often wish that I had been that ancestor of mine whose identity is shrouded in so much mystery. I often wish that I had lived at the time when, by means of the brilliant and courageous management of Sheridan—the greatest of Irish stage managers—the Irish theatre had attained the zenith of its glory. What a feast was spread before the pitite who had the fortune to be the witness of the triumphs of Garrick, of the gay and affable Mistress Woffington, of the peerless Barry, and a host of other minor lights. How is it, I wonder, that the Dublin which brought forth so many first-class exponents of the dramatic art in those days has become barren? I hear people talk of the scholarship of the ancient Irish, and all that sort of thing, and, of course, feel a natural pride in hearing of the pre-eminence of my countrymen in the paths of learning. But very few seem to be aware that only a century ago this dear old metropolis of ours was an important theatrical centre and saw the embryonic efforts of splendid actors like Mossop and Digges. How many people think the most brilliant comedies of that period were written by Irishmen, and that countless other admirable productions, which, though of a second-rate order, according to the standard of the time, possessed high literary merits, were from the pens of Irishmen? If I were a literary man, sir, with talents and with leisure, I should devote my brains and my time to the erection of a suitable monument to that dead and forgotten past. Why, sir, is it not shameful—I can use no other word—that there does not exist a record of the life and times of Barry? Garrick has had his biographers, but the fame of his great Irish contemporary, his rival, his superior in many parts, is only known to a few of his countrymen, and preserved only by tradition. Dramatic criticism had not been born then, and the newspapers of the day—such as they were—gave scant attention to the doings of the play house. Our age is superior in that respect; we pay due regard to the importance of this noble art; we are not niggardly in bestowing a proper recognition of dramatic genius, and actors of today who impress their personality upon their time will not be forgotten by posterity."

The old playgoer ceased, terminating his concluding sentence with a sigh, to refresh himself with a sip of port.

[CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.]

Resolutions of Respect.

The following resolutions of respect to the menory of the late Daniel Corkery have been sent to THE CITIZEN for publication:

WHEREAS, In the presence of such bereavement as in the death of our greatly lamented president, we are called upon to bear, it is customary to prepare in due form such memorial as may voice in some degree the virtues of the departed one, and the sorrow of the survivors as well; and

WHEREAS, In the unlooked-for demise of our worthy president, Daniel Corkery, we recoguize an occasion in which with eminent propriety such custom may be reverently observed, it is therefore

Resolved, By the Fifth Ward Democratic Club, that in the death of Daniel Corkery this community loses a private citizen whose career in this, the city of his birth, was that of an exemplary, public-spirited, noble and generous man, and the cause of Democracy and this club have sustained the loss of a wise and judicious adviser and leader; and be it further

Resolved, That the life-work of our lamented friend from its humble beginning to the position he occupied in the years of his later manhood, as the active head of a great and successful business enterprise was such as may well commend his example and virtues to all who are emulous of dignified citizenship and honest fame; and be it further

Resolved, That we, who were so often cheered by his presence and who will see him no more, mourn deeply the affliction which has befallen his family, to whom we offer condolence, the most sincere and enduring, for in the experience that may come to us in future years, the memory of our lamented friend will remain green in our hearts.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be suitably engrossed and be duly presented to the family of our late president, and that these proceedings be spread upon the records of the club.

JOHN ERNST, Prest.

MARTIN W. HONAN, Sec.

Committee on Resolutions: David Deist, P. J. Wall, Martin Mulcahey, M. Bransfield, Emil Thiels, H. Schultz, James Daly.

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THE HIBERNIANS.

Important Meeting of the County Board of the Ancient Order, at Which New Officers Are Elected.

Interesting Report of the Retiring County Delegate, Mr. P. B. Flanagan.

The meeting of the county board on the 8th inst. was one of great interest and considerable moment to the well-wishers of the order. The retirement of Bro. P. B. Flanagan, in spite of the urgent requests of the most prominent members to use his name as a candidate for the office he had so ably filled for four years, was the occasion of much expressed regret, and left the way open for election Past State Delegate Laurence Henely as county president for the ensuing term. The other officers selected were Wm. J. Doherty, county vice-president; Frank J. Conroy, recording secretary; P. F. Holden, financial secretary; M. E. Lynch, treasurer; Thomas Finnegan, sergeant-at-arms; W. Barrett, sentinel. All the officers are of old standing in the order except Bro. Holden, who is the president of Division No. 35, an earnest worker, a young gentleman of great promise in literary circles, and editor of the *Young Irishman*. We feel confident that the new officers will be of value to the order, and that the A. O. H. of Cook county will prosper under their guidance. The retirement of Bros. Flanagan and Kirby is much to be regretted. Bro. Flanagan was ever and at all times an earnest worker, a thorough patriot and gentleman. He disdained deceit in any form, always spoke straight from the heart, and never believed in any of the petty subterfuges by which some make themselves popular in office. He was a man whose interest in the A.O.H. in office or out of office, will never wane, and who will be ever ready to respond to the call of the brotherhood. We regret the retirement of Bro. Flanagan, but hope that at an early date he will return to the county board in some capacity where his talents and experience can be utilized for the advantage of the A.O.H. In Bro. Kirby the county board lose a valuable officer who brought the accounts out of the chaotic condition they were in under his predecessor, and to whose exertions with those of the treasurer, Bro. Lynch, is due the good financial standing of the county of Cook. As might be expected the county board would not adjourn without action being taken to testify to Bros. Flanagan and Kirby the esteem their brother officers entertained toward them. A committee was appointed to procure suitable tokens and present same on behalf of the board to both retiring officers. It was also suggested that in view of Bro. Flanagan's length of office suitable resolutions should be drafted and presented. Bro. Flanagan's report was read before installment of new officers, and met with the approval of all present. It was short, comprehensive and suggestive, and read as follows:

TO THE COUNTY BOARD OF THE A. O. H. OF COOK COUNTY—*Brothers:* The time having arrived when you are again called upon by your constitution and by-laws to elect your county officers for the ensuing term, I deem it my duty as your county delegate to render you a brief account of my stewardship, during the time I have unworthily filled that important office. As most of you know when I was elected county delegate four years ago our ancient and honorable order in Cook county was in a most deplorable and demoralized condition, owing, I believe, to the poorly managed state insurance, which had a short time previously ceased to exist. Believing, however, that the large Irish Catholic population of Chicago was too patriotic and too devoted to faith and fatherland to desire the total obliteration from its midst of an organization with such a brilliant and eminently successful career as that which once attended the A.O.H., your county delegate, with all the ardor of an unselfish heart, assisted by a few brothers equally interested in its continued existence, worked unceasingly to rekindle the dying embers, the glow and splendor of which once shed such a halo of glory upon its numerous and devoted members. How well their efforts have been crowned with success, you brothers here today can determine.

During the four years I have been your county delegate I have organized seventeen divisions in Chicago as follows: Divisions No. 1, 2, 3, 5, 8, 9, 10, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 18, 30, 36 and 37, as well as one division in Lake county, Ind. There are also negotiations now pending for the formation of a division in LaGrange, which I fondly anticipate will be in existence pretty soon. We have at present twenty-six divisions in Cook county, all vigorous and healthy, numerically and financially, without anything to mar their success or retard their progress. I am glad, indeed, to be able to state that at present there is no discord or disunion in our ranks, thanks to the indefatigable exertions of that distinguished and patriotic son of Erin, the gallant and noble-hearted "soggarth aroon," Father O'Sullivan, of Nativity parish, who alone has made it possible for us today to say with the poet:

"Hurrah for Munster, stout and brave,
For Leinster, rough and ready,
For Connacht rising from the grave
For Ulster sure and steady.
The news will flash from every hill,
And sound from every steeple,
And all the land with gladness fill,
For we're one united people."

During the past two years our ancient order has succeeded in establishing a homestead in this city for the estimable and devoted widow of one of Ireland's noblest and purest martyrs—Daniel Curley—a noble and patriotic deed that truly exemplifies the grandeur and sublimity of its ennobling motto of Friendship, Unity and True Christian Charity. Our grand old order has also, I am proud to say, recently purchased at a cost of $770, a burial place in Mount Olivet cemetery, wherein our wandering brothers who may perchance die here while away from home and friends can be decently interred with all the pomp and splendor which wealth and power could bestow. Let us hope that some day in the near future we will have the honor and pleasure of beholding on this sacred spot a towering monument, as lasting and as permanent as the historic rock on which St. Peter built our holy church of Rome, so that future generations of our race and creed can point with pride and joy, and say "there lie the bones of honest men whose noble lives were once consecrated to their God, their church and their country, because in life they belonged to that venerable and illustrious organization known as the Ancient Order of Hibernians. May Almighty God have mercy on their souls." I refer to these brilliant and memorable deeds which our truly grand and patriotic order has accomplished during the few years it has been my pride and pleasure to be your county delegate, simply to show you that its ancient glory has not been dimmed by misfortune, and that its influence is as potent at the present time as at any period since its existence began to cheer and encourage our race and people.

It is no idle boast to say that today the A. O. H. shines more resplendent than ever, and counts among its warmest friends, and most ardent admirers, many of the brightest minds and noblest types of American citizens that adorn our social, business, professional and political life.

I would, indeed, be wanting in gratitude if I closed this report without returning to my brother officers and to the members of this board my heartfelt thanks and deep appreciation for their never failing courtesy, as well as for the many acts of kindness shown me during my term of office. I assure you, brothers, one and all, that I will ever bear with me through life a vivid and pleasant recollection of the many happy years I have spent in the high and honorable office which I am now about to vacate, and which I have endeavored to the best of my ability to fill through weal and woe, so as to add to the glory and advancement of our ancient and beloved order.

With a most ardent prayer that Almighty God may continue to bless and prosper the Ancient Order of Hibernians, and with my most earnest wishes that it may ever remain what it has long since been, an ornament to our grand old church, a benefit and a blessing to the poor and unfortunate of every land, and an honor to dear old Ireland and her devout and faithful children throughout the universe, I remain fraternally yours in the bonds of Friendship, Unity and True Christian Charity.

P. B. FLANAGAN, C. D.

The newly elected officers were duly installed by Bro. Flanagan, and on their efforts depends the future of the A.O.H. in Illinois.

SHAUN.

OBITUARY.

OFFICER JAMES LYNCH.

Officer James Lynch, of the Tenth Precinct, died at 4 o'clock Sunday morning, at the post of duty. His death was very sudden and unexpected, and a great shock to his family as well as his fellow officers and friends. Mr. Lynch had suffered for some time from rheumatism and pleurisy, but being a man who could bear suffering without a murmur, he never gave up his work. Sunday morning he and his comrades got a call to go out with the wagon, when, to their surprise and astonishment he dropped dead. The funeral occurred from his residence, 5718 Emerald avenue, to the Church of the Visitation, where requiem high mass was celebrated. In preaching the sermon Father Teeley, in eloquent and earnest words, pictured the home of the dead officer which fate had decreed to do without a fond husband and loving father; he also thanked the escort of police, which gave such a solemn air to the occasion, for appearing in uniform and in such numbers at this critical time. The floral offerings from his comrades were beautiful, one of them remarkably so in the shape of a star with his number while on duty, accompanied by the inscription, "From his comrades of the Tenth Precinct." After the services his remains were taken to Halsted and Forty-ninth streets, where cars were secured for the large concourse to escort him to his last resting place. He leaves a wife and one child, who is still too young to realize the loss of the affectionate father.

If the Baby is Cutting Teeth,

Be sure and use that old and well-tried remedy, MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic and is the best remedy for diarrhœa.

T. Shea, Tailor.

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We carry the Latest Designs in Foreign and Domestic Woolens. We make fine suits for $20, $25, $30 and up to $60, also pants from $5 to $12. Satisfaction guaranteed.

CAISSON EXPLODES.

Remarkable and Deadly Disaster at Chicago.

THREE REGULAR SOLDIERS KILLED.

A Fourth Dies Later and Others Are Fatally Wounded—While Driving Along a Boulevard the Men Are Blown to Pieces and Horses Near by Riddled—A Rain of Death Dealing Missiles—List of the Killed and Wounded.

CHICAGO, July 17.—The caisson of battery F, Second artillery, U. S. A., exploded with terrific force at Grand and Oakwood boulevards. Two artillerymen and one trooper were instantly killed, and nearly a score other persons injured, some fatally. Killed—Private Donavan, battery F, Second artillery; Private Doyle, same; Farrier Gayler, troop B, Seventh cavalry. These were wounded — Sergeant Leiner, battery F, Second artillery, badly and burned, recovery doubtful; Private Stolz, badly burned and wounded—died later; Private Allen, fatally shot in neck and head; Private O'Donnell, shot in head and burned; Driver Eucke, blown from horse and badly injured; Private Urquhart, shoot in foot; Bugler Antes, shot in shoulder, leg and arm; Sergeant Kane, ear shot off; Sergeant Hoffman, shot in chin; Corporal Riley, badly bruised; Sergeant King, bruised; unknown artilleryman, thrown from horse and picked up unconscious; unknown boy, thrown from bicycle and injured; Miss Alice York, tendon of heel severed by bullet; Mrs. Huhling, severely cut and injured in her home by falling glass.

Men Literally Blown to Peices.

The troops left Brighton Park for a long march around the city to exercise the horses. They were in command of Captain Dodd, Troop F. Third cavalry. Everything went smoothly until the column was marching on Grand boulevard, just crossing Oakwood boulevard. Then a terrific explosion occurred. The men on the caisson, supposed to have been Donovan and Doyle, were literally blown to pieces, and the others thrown many feet by the violence of the concussion. Four of the horses drawing the caisson fell in their tracks, shot through and horribly mangled, while three others were blown fifty feet against trees, dying instantly.

Dwellings Pierced by Bullets.

The caisson was blown to atoms, not a piece of it larger than a man's hand being found. The boulevard looked like a battlefield. There was a series of explosions after the first report, and shrapnel shot went like hail among the trees and pierced the surrounding dwellings. The concussion broke every window in the houses for blocks away. Walls and roofs of dwellings showed the terrific effect of the missiles. With the explosion came great confusion, and for a moment men and officers seemed powerless to move.

DEAD AND DYING COLLECTED.

The Only Accident of the Kind on Record—A Soldier's Explanation.

To this was added the fright of the occupants of the surrounding houses, who rushed screaming into the street only to be sickened at the sight which met their gaze. A fire alarm was turned in and with the department came patrol wagons and a number of policemen and work was immediately begun collecting the dead, dying and wounded and removing them to a suitable place. The damage to the residences and park property in the neighborhood of the accident is estimated at about $10,000. Shells and other missiles, as well as fragments of the exploded caisson by tore through the windows of immediate surrounding houses, creating havoc in each instance.

Colonel Willitson, who investigated the occurrence on behalf of General Miles, stated that his theory of the accident was that the screw plug at the base of one of the shrapnells became loosened, and the powder leaking out was ground and pounded by the jolting, igniting and causing the explosion. The caisson contained sixty shrapnells, of which all exploded but twelve; sixty-eight shells, and 130 cartridges, containing 495 pounds of powder, which also exploded. He said further: "I take no stock in the theory that dynamite had anything to do with it.

"The greatest precaution is taken about ammunition; the caissons are kept under locks and keys, of which there are no duplicates, and inspected daily. It is the first accident on record of a similar nature. Ammunition has been jolted over the rough roads in Kansas, and yet when going at a light trot on the smoothest road in Chicago the explosion took place."

DONE BY A WRECKER.

Train Ditched Near Battle Creek and Fireman Killed.

BATTLE CREEK, Mich., July 17.—Train No. 6 on the Grand Trunk railroad was wrecked here. The wreck was caused by the removal of the fish-plate from the rails on the grade west of the city, and this is the third time the same crime has been committed, but it was discovered in time before. It is believed to have been done by some one with a grudge against the company.

This time Thomas Crow, the fireman, was thrown fifty feet and his neck broken. The severely injured are: Brakeman Mitchell, Conductor Bishop, W. Towse, Baggageman A. L. Adams, Express Messenger Pittee and Mrs. M. E. Roberts, Chicago, passenger in day coach. None of the injured are severely hurt. The railway people have a clue to the perpetrators.

Will Report a Disagreement.

WASHINGTON, July 17.—The Democratic members of the tariff conference committee adjourned earlier than usual and the situation at the time of adjournment, from the best information obtainable was that the conferrees were far from an agreement, and that within a short time a disagreement would be reported to the senate and house.

Lynching in Kentucky.

CINCINNATI, July 17.—A Commercial Gazette special from Burlington, Boone county, Ky., says that a mob of twenty masked men took Louis Laferdetta from jail and lynched him by hanging. He was a tramp and had murdered William Whitlock, a farmer.

Scores on the Ball Field.

CHICAGO, July 17.—Following are the scores made by League clubs at base ball: At Philadelphia—Boston 2, Philadelphia 9; at Cincinnati—Cleveland 9, Cincinnati 1; at Chicago—Louisville 11, Chicago 10; at St. Louis—Pittsburg 6, St. Louis 11.

DEBS STILL HAS HOPE.

SURPRISED AT THE ACTION OF THE PULLMAN MEN.

He Does Not Believe the Statement That They Were Seeking to Return to Work—Business Resuming at the Stock Yards and Many Men Applying for Work.

CHICAGO, July 16.—When Eugene V. Debs, president of the American Railway union was seen at the Revere House by a reporter he expressed himself as being still in hopes of winning the strike.

"We have by no means conceded that the strike is lost at Chicago," said Mr. Debs. "The men who are out here are still enthusiastic, and from what I saw in addressing several thousand of them I am satisfied that the cause is not lost. Hereafter we are not going to make our plans public before they are executed. I am strongly of the opinion that the American Railway union will give evidence of its strength here by moves that will be made by railway employes very soon. I have just received word that the men have struck at Battle Creek."

Heathcote, the leader of the Pullman strikers, said a majority of the strikers favor giving up the fight, and added that if Debs would declare his fight off the Pullman strike would come to an end at once. Officials of the Pullman company are looking for orders to start up the works at any hour.

Concerning the Pullmen Men.

When asked what he thought about the report that Mr. Heathcote had said that the Pullman men would go back to work, Mr. Debs said:

"I can hardly believe that Mr. Heathcote made any such statement. The Pullman strikers have not informed us that they were seeking to make terms to go back to work and I cannot believe that they would do so without informing us. Not more than three days ago I saw the full Pullman strike committee and at the time I saw it there was no intimation made that the men would go back to work. It hardly seems consistent that the Pullman strikers would make their own arrangements without informing the officers representing the men who struck in sympathy with them. We must certainly protect the railway employes who gave up their positions to join the strikers."

Vice President Wickes of the Pullman company says the company is willing to take back its striking employes. He says the manager at the works has been under instructions several weeks to start up the works as soon as enough men are ready to go to work to make running all departments possible, or about a thousand men.

At the Stock Yards.

Armous, Swift and Morris began slaughtering without being disturbed by anybody. They were each running about a quarter of their usual force under a military guard. Fully 1,500 unskilled workmen applied for work at these houses and a few of them were engaged. There was no sign of disturbance.

Peace prevails along the line of the Illinois Central railroad tracks and Pullman and Kensington are unusually quiet. At Camp Turner, Kensington, where the First regiment is stationed, nothing has been given out as to any future movement of the troops. The infantry is still patrolling the tracks, although all signs of disturbance seem to have disappeared.

George M. Pullman was hung in effigy here. Two of the effigies were suspended from a telegraph pole on Garfield boulevard near Wentworth avenue, where thousands going to the park could see them. Another was hung at State and Forty-eighth street.

MORE BLOOD FLOWS.

Two Strikers Killed and Six Wounded in California.

SACRAMENTO, Cal., July 13.—Strikers fired on regular soldiers who were on a flat car on Front street. The soldiers returned the fire, killing two and wounding six strikers.

Division Superintendent Wright ordered an engine and twenty-one flat cars to clear the track along Front street, contiguous to the headquarters of the strikers. Fearing that an attempt would be made to shoot the engineer and fireman, a company of regulars under command of Captain Roberts was ordered to accompany the train. As the train reached I street a number of strikers who were concealed on the roof of a big building in the vicinity of the city jail, opened fire. The regulars returned the fire and two strikers were killed and six others wounded. None of the soldiers were injured. The firing attracted hundreds of angry strikers to the scene, and it was with difficulty they were persuaded by cooler heads not to attack the soldiers.

Want Their Old Jobs.

MINNEAPOLIS, July 16.—The only question with the local strikers now is how to get back to work. A representative of the seventy strikers on the Soo line notified General Manager Underwood that they were ready to go back to work. Mr. Underwood informed them that the road had no use for men who had deserted the road or been discharged for refusing to perform their duties. He had all the men he wanted and did not propose to take back any of the recalcitrants.

A. R. U. Men Feeling Ugly.

MASSILLON, O., July 16.—Fifty United States deputy marshals arrived here from Cleveland, and were ordered to the Wheeling and Lake Erie general headquarters. It was expected that operations would be resumed upon the road, and a detail of marshals was ordered sent out with every train. The American Railway union men who lost their places are in an ugly frame of mind.

Situation in California.

SACRAMENTO, July 16.—Trains are running as usual and no attempt to hinder them has been made. The railroad shops will reopen soon.

OAKLAND, July 16.—The situation is greatly improved. Trains are moving regularly and few strikers are visible.

Pullman Shops at Ludlow Open.

CINCINNATI, July 16.—The Pullman shops at Ludlow, Ky., have reopened with eighty-five men, the employes who refused to go out when the strike was inaugurated, but who afterward quit work. The shops usually employ about 140 workmen.

Justice Jackson at St. Paul.

ST. PAUL, July 17.—Associate Justice Howell Jackson of the United States supreme court, accompanied by Mrs. Jackson, son and family physician, Dr. Duke of Nashville, arrived from the east. The distinguished jurist at once proceeded to Minnetonka, where he will remain for a few days.

CONDENSED NEWS.

History of the Week Given in Brief Paragraphs.

A trout caught in Sun creek, Gunnison county, Colo., recently measured 33 inches in length, and weighed twelve and three-quarter pounds.

In some parts of Florida legislation has been found necessary to prevent the extinction of alligators.

A bullet from one of the new rifles in use in the Italian army will penetrate five inches of solid ash at a distance of three-quarters of a mile.

The French levy a tax on coffee to the amount of $300 a ton.

The Rev. E. E. Willey, of Sedalia, Mo., has been expelled from a local Chautauqua circle because he umpired a game of base ball.

An old album of stamps collected thirty years ago in Savannah, Ga., and recently discovered by an heir of the collector has revealed a number of valuable issues, some of them worth $1,500.

In his plea for a stay for Erastus Wiman General Tracy maintained the charge of forgery was not proved.

* * *

Government officials are said to be considering the advisability of placing Pullman cars under jurisdiction of the interstate commerce commission.

In the race for the Corinthian cup on the Clyde the Prince of Wales' yacht Britannia again beat the American boat Vigilant.

Dana Bowman, a drayman, was shot and instantly killed at Springfield, O., by Charles McKay.

Resolutions indorsing the course of President Cleveland in sending troops to Chicago were adopted by the business men of Davenport, Ia.

Two clever swindlers victimized several Chicago board of trade firms by means of forged checks. J. M. Adams, one of their number, was captured.

The will of "Napoleon" Ives was filed for probate at New York. It divides $10,000 between the widow and the sister.

Deputy marshals and regular soldiers at Chicago are said to have plundered freight cars in the Rock Island yards, and a number of the former have been put under arrest.

* * *

The Sons of Temperance began their national convention at Waterville, Me. Railroad strikes prevented the attendance of delegates from points west of New York.

Express companies have been benefited largely by the strike, nearly all the time freight being given to them.

The Czar of Russia has presented to the Monastery Panteleimon, on Mount Athos, a great bell weighing 30,000 pounds. The inscription says that the bell is to commemorate the saving of the imperial family at Borki on Oct. 17, 1888.

George M. Pullman is still at his summer residence in the Thousand Islands. It was said at the office of his company he would probably remain for a week longer.

General S. W. Ferguson, secretary-treasurer of the Mississippi levee board, is said to be short in his accounts upward of $24,000.

Another enforced economy of railroads for the remainder of the year will be in outlay for maintenance of way. Many roads will practically abolish this department for the rest of the year.

The house has passed the McRae land grant forfeiture bill, which will restore 54,000,000 acres to the public domain.

* * *

Miss Marie Schroeder, daughter of an American millionaire, was married to Count Pompeo Pieri at Rome.

New York city's debt has increased from $100,762,407.51 to $104,339,634.87 in the last six months.

Strike talk among railroad officials has given place to the hard grind of reawakened business.

Robert I. Edwards, formerly a prominent politician of Kansas, was murdered and thrown from a boarding house window to the street at Perry, O. T.

At Brazil, Ind., four men and boys were found guilty of murdering Engineer Barr. They were sentenced to two years' imprisonment each.

Mrs. Chandler, the widow of Zachariah Chandler, has taken a cottage at Bar Harbor for the summer.

The second chapter in the Mizener-Robinson murder at Coldwater, Mich., was the attempt of Mrs. Mizener, the 17-year-old wife of the murderer, to commit suicide by taking poison. Prompt medical aid saved her.

Stephen Terrel was sentenced at Dodgeville, Wis., to life imprisonment in the Waupun penitentiary for the murder of John Quirk.

* * *

An anti-miscegenation bill has passed the legislature of Louisiana, and is now a law.

G. N. Kinne, a milkman at Bloomington, Ills., was thrown from his wagon and fatally hurt.

Edward Gurin, living near Hillsboro, Ills., while cleaning out a well was overcome by gas and died.

Vice President Vaillant of the Erie has been entirely incapacitated for business by two strokes of paralysis.

John H. Dickerson, a musician of Lebanon, Ind., has been sentenced to three years in prison for assaulting Miss Sarah Kepner.

Lightning killed Sheriff White at Silver Cliff, Col., his wife sustaining a severe shock. Three other persons were stunned at the same time.

John S. Shanson, a fireman on the drainage canal, was run over and killed by a Santa Fe train at Lamont, Ills.

Nathan Aiken, a wealthy citizen of Murphysboro, Ills., committed suicide by hanging. He had been in ill health for a long time.

* * *

Amos Harris, 18 years old, was drowned in the lake at Columbia City, Ind., while bathing.

The customs authorities of Boston have decided that the works of Zola are immoral, but not obscene.

George Singer, 30 years old, committed suicide near Madison, Ind., by hanging. He was insane.

Mrs. Sebram of Fort Howard, Wis., committed suicide by jumping overboard from the steamer C. W. Moore when that boat was midway between Escanaba and Gladstone, Mich.

Western lines will extend the agreed limits on the Baptist's young people's convention tickets to Sept. 15.

A bill in equity against the World's fair bureau of awards has been filed in the supreme court at Washington by the Anheuser-Busch Brewing company. In it John Boyd Thatcher's committee is charged with fraud and irregularities.

Congressman Sickles of New York is about to introduce a bill in the house making Gettysburg a national park.

ILLINOIS NEWS NOTES.

TELEGRAPHIC REPORTS OF EVENTS IN THE STATE.

Subjects Handled Which Will Be of Interest to Our Own Readers—Items Gathered from All Over the Prairie State and Given in Brief Form.

SPRINGFIELD, Ills., July 12.—A sharp correspondence has passed between Senator I. B. Craig, of Mattoon, and United States Marshal Brinton. Craig wrote Brinton demanding that the deputy marshals be withdrawn from Mattoon, saying that mail trains were running and declaring that all the deputy marshals in southern Illinois could not move freights. Brinton replied that he was acting under the orders of the court, and if any one interfered with the movement of freights they would land in jail here.

Deputy Burroughs, in charge of Mattoon, wired Brinton that freights were moving all right. Large crowd, but quiet. Deputy Caulin, of Mount Vernon, telegraphed that the Big Four passenger trains were running, but no freights; 200 men struck; reports from all other points in southern Illinois show things quiet and all trains moving.

The strike of Wabash engineers, firemen and switchmen for higher wages is on its last legs. J. B. Barnes, master of motive power of the Wabash railway, said: "I have passed favorably on applications for positions from twelve of the company's old engineers from Chicago and have twenty more under consideration. Old engineers at Decatur and Anderson also sent in petitions. Dressed meat trains have got out of Chicago on the Wabash, coal trains are running on the St. Louis and Decatur divisions, and all passenger trains are running as usual."

NEWS FROM SPRING VALLEY.

Burial of an Italian—Coroner's Jury Condemns the Troops.

SPRING VALLEY, Ills., July 13.—The funeral of the Italian killed by the United States troops was attended by 3,000 miners, and many of the attendants were swearing vengeance on the troops. The coroner's jury has rendered a verdict condemning the shooting as an unwarranted use of military power and recommending that the case be investigated.

The town is guarded by troops, who required that all outside miners who attended the funeral go home as soon as the ceremonies were over. There does not seem to be any danger to neighboring towns from raids of miners from this city. An investigation by an Associated Press reporter has failed to find any evidence of an intention to do any raiding.

At Ladd, constables with the aid of fifty of Sheriff Cox's deputies commenced searching the miners houses for the goods that had been stolen. By dusk nearly five wagon loads of goods had been recovered and thirteen arrests made. Those arrested were mainly foreigners and were taken to the county seat for safety, as the local bastile was not large enough nor strong enough.

More Spring Valley Looters Arrested.

SPRING VALLEY, Ills., July 14.—The searching of miners' houses continued all day. Many goods were found and three arrests made here. A raid was made on an Italian boarding-house two miles west and $300 worth of goods with the cost mark of the store at Ladd were found, as well as some from Spring Valley. Nineteen arrests were made. There are now fifty looters in the county jail. Alderman Lauer, who was arrested for the Pinkerton riot, was released on bail, but another alderman named Frank Schneider was arrested on the same charge. Schneider, however, says he can prove an alibi.

Too Much Strike, No Encampment.

SPRINGFIELD, Ills., July 16.—Governor Altgeld says there will be no encampment of the Illinois National Guard this year. "I don't see how we can have an encampment," said the governor. "The strikes have cost us enormously, and we have nothing in the treasury to pay for an encampment. I am sorry, but it cannot be helped. The present strike is costing about $10,000 a day for pay for the soldiers alone, and when subsistence and transportation are added it foots up a big sum every day."

The Chinch Bug Must Go.

SPRINGFIELD, Ills., July 13.—The recent experience of the state board of agriculture in exterminating chinch bugs by inoculating some of them and then introducing these poisoned bugs amongst others is proving a success. The bugs, after being inoculated, are kept in a close box for several days until they turn a dull brown color. They are then turned loose in a field, and in one day great masses of the insects are found together turning brown, then white, and finally bursting open, dead.

Nominated to Congress.

CHAMPAIGN, Ills., July 16.—The Republican convention for the Thirteenth congressional district finally closed by nominating Colonel Vespasian Warner of Clinton, Ills., on the 620th ballot. It has been a stubborn contest for choice for two days, the delegates sticking to their candidates to a unit until the last ballot. The nomination is generally satisfactory.

Death from a Blast.

JOLIET, July 16.—An explosion of a blast on the drainage contract of Mason, Hogue & King at Romeoville killed Andrew Gustaffson and mortally wounded Gus Anderson. The men went back too soon after the blast and a shower of rock fell on them. Gustaffson was mangled into a pulp and Anderson was badly hurt internally and had a leg broken.

Stole Away a Farmer's Daughter.

BOWEN, Ills., July 16.—John Crabby, a well-to-do farmer, near Loraine, is in great distress over the disappearance of his 16-year-old daughter, Anna, with John Booker, who, it is alleged, stole the girl from her home Thursday, and nothing has been heard of them since their departure.

Illinois Town Wiped Out.

SPRINGFIELD, July 14.—The suburban town of New Berlin, ten miles west of here, was almost wiped off the face of the earth by an incendiary fire. Four city blocks—banks, business houses and residences—are in ashes, entailing a loss of over $250,000.

Convicted of Murder.

DES MOINES, July 16.—George Weems was convicted here of the murder of L. B. Ridpath, conductor of the Chicago Great Western, last spring. The jury fixed the penalty at hanging. Two other men are to be tried on the same charge.

PRENDERGAST HANGED.

MAYOR HARRISON'S SLAYER FINALLY MEETS HIS DOOM.

Action Brought About by the Effort of Prominent Leaders in the Knights of Labor—President Debs of the American Railway Union Well Satisfied with the Proposed Action Looking to a Settlement of the Controversy.

CHICAGO, July 14.—Patrick Eugene Joseph Prendergast, who murdered Mayor Carter H. Harrison Oct. 28, 1893, has been hanged for the crime in the Cook county jail. Prendergast held up well during his last hours on earth. In fact, his calm demeanor was a complete sur-

ASSASSIN PRENDERGAST.

prise to Jailer Morris and the bailiffs about the jail in whose custody he has been ever since the day following the perpetration of his crime, Oct. 28 last.

The assassin talked freely with his spiritual advisers and several times, apparently fearing that they would desert him, remarked:

"You may stay with me to the end."

As the hour for his execution came nearer Prendergast showed some signs of slightly increasing nervousness. But on the whole he was remarkably calm and well collected. Throughout the jail the officers and other attaches remarked about his behavior, for it was the general opinion that he would weaken badly a good while before the hanging.

Scene on the Scaffold.

Prendergast was marched to the scaffold by Sheriff Gilbert and Jailer Morris. He stood upon the scaffold without apparent nervousness, though a trifle weak and unsteady as his arms were being pinioned. He seemed determined to die game and looked calmly out on the assembled crowd below him. The white shroud was next placed about him, and, barring a little restless motion of the eyes up, down and from side to side, he made no motion. Jailer Morris now placed the rope about his neck, the white cap over his head and Patrick Eugene Prendergast, game to the last, had taken his last look of earth. An instant later, at 11:43, and he shot downward, the head twisted to one side, the neck having apparently been broken. Slowly swaying back and forth, he hung for a few moments while the physicians held his wrist. A slight spasmodic movement of the legs was all the sign of life apparent within the loosely hanging white robe.

Dissuaded from Making a Speech.

Surrounded by the jury of physicians the corpse swung to and fro and at 11:57, nine minutes after the trigger was sprung, he was pronounced dead and the murder of Carter H. Harrison was avenged. The assassin made no audible sound from the time he left his cell, apparently being lost in contemplation of his awful fate. He took his final leave of his spiritual adviser gave a last hand shake to his guards, and with low and choking voice bade them a last adieu. He was gently dissuaded by Sheriff Gilbert from his determination to make a speech. At 11:58 Jailer Morris unloosened the anchored end of the rope, the shrouded corpse was slowly lowered and laid in the coffin standing underneath the platform. The face of the dead was not badly distorted, though the mouth was open and the tongue protruding. The color of the features was a bluish tint, which, with his unkempt reddish hair straggling down over the forehead, made a sight long to be remembered.

THE KILLING OF HARRISON.

Story of the Diabolical Crime Committed by Prendergast.

Carter H. Harrison was assassinated by Patrick Eugene Joseph Prendergast at 7:25 o'clock on the evening of Oct. 28, 1893. Prendergast called at the mayor's home at 6 o'clock, but it was Columbus day at the World's fair and the mayor had not yet returned. He reached home shortly after Prendergast had gone, took supper with his family, and then lay down for a nap. At 7:25 p. m. Prendergast returned. The maid answered the door as usual. Always accessible to the humblest visitor, Mayor Harrison arose as soon as awakened and informed that Prendergast wished to see him. The mayor walked from the dining room into the hall, which is broad and spacious. Several lights made the main hall as light as day. Scarcely had the mayor taken three or four steps down the hall toward the door before his assassin drew forth a revolver, which he carried concealed beneath his coat.

Leveling the weapon straight at the heart of his victim, Prendergast began to pull the trigger. Three shots the murderer fired at Mayor Harrison. The mayor dropped at the first report of the pistol with the blood flowing from a mortal wound near his heart. But the assassin was not satisfied to see his victim lying prostrate and bleeding upon the floor before him. Fearing that the first shot might not prove fatal the cowardly murderer aimed his pistol downward and fired two more bullets into the apparently lifeless body of the mayor. Then Prendergast went at once to the Desplaines street police station, told what he had done, and was locked up. Everything was done for the mayor but he died within an hour.

The city was paralyzed for the moment. The assassination came right in the midst of a political contest. But meeting and rallies, Republican and Democratic, both adjourned at once. Half the population of the city gathered in the downtown district. There they filled the corridors of the hotels and the sidewalks. The streets surrounding the city hall were blocked with a solid crowd of angry, restless men, all reviling the murderer. Thus Prendergast sprang from obscurity to a notoriety that was world wide in a moment. He killed the mayor of the World's fair city when the eyes of the world were centered on Chicago. The history of Prendergast's trials, his conduct in court, and the reasons he gave for killing Mayor Harrison are fresh in the minds of the people.

MINERS WRECK A TRAIN.

Big Four Engineer and Fireman Killed Near Indianapolis.

INDIANAPOLIS, July 13.—The miners of Fontanet, a station on the Big Four, a few miles west of Terre Haute, added murder to their crime of stopping trains and attempted lynchings. An engineer and fireman, who had nothing to do with the strike, were mangled to death under the wrecked engine of the derailed train. The victims are: Engineer Charles Mohrman, Bellefontaine, and Fireman Charles Fleick of this city.

The train wrecked is No. 7 on the St. Louis division, which left Indianapolis on time. The train was running forty-five miles an hour and struck an open switch and went down an embankment eight feet high. The engineer and fireman are under the wreck, ground to pieces. No passengers were killed.

Notices of Land Contests.

WASHINGTON, July 16.—Secretary Smith has approved amendments to the rules of practice prescribing the manner of serving notice of land contest on infants or persons of unsound mind. The changes are caused by the frequent necessity of remanding cases to local land offices on account of irregular and illegal methods of initiating contests against the heirs of a deceased entryman. The amendments provide that personal service must be made on each heir, and if unknown or non-resident service is to be had by publication, copy of the notice must be delivered to the statutory guardian or committee of infants and insane persons or to the persons having them in charge.

Minneapolis Republicans.

ST. PAUL, July 13.—The following ticket was nominated by the Republican convention: Governor Knute Nelson and Lieutenant Governor D. C. Clough were renominated by acclamation; Albert Berg was nominated for secretary of state; R. C. Dunn was nominated for auditor of state; A. T. Koernor was nominated for state treasurer; Henry W. Childs was renominated for attorney general by acclamation. The platform favors the protective tariff; indorses bimetallism, and urges the restoration of silver as money; demands free ballot and fair count everywhere; opposes all trusts and favors settlemen of labor troubles by arbitration.

Arrested for Murder.

MIDDLETOWN, Conn., July 16.—William Cronin, aged 40, and William West, aged 25, are under arrest here charged with being concerned in the murder of Captain Davis Kelly of coal barge No. 88 of the New England Transportation company. Mrs. Kelly, who lives with Kelly on the boat, says that the prisoners fought with Kelly and that one of them hit him on the head with a club, and then they threw him into the river. Kelly's body was recovered.

Indicted Man Missing.

NEW YORK, July 14.—Wardman James Kelly, formerly of the Leonard Street station, who was accused before the Lexow committee with having collected money for the sale of sidewalk privileges to merchants, was indicted by the grand jury. Simultaneously with the announcement of his indictment came the news that he could not be found and had probably skipped to Europe. Efforts will be made to bring Kelly back.

House Approves the President's Course.

WASHINGTON, July 16.—The house adopted a strong resolution approving the president's course in the strike. It was passed without division, the minority not being strong enough to get the yeas and nays.

The legislative, executive and judicial appropriation bill has passed the senate after a hard fight, and the district appropriation bill was taken up.

Strikers Drive a Man Insane.

ST. PAUL, July 16.—John Scanlon, an Omaha engineer, has been sent to the insane asylum, the threats made by strikers having unbalanced his mind.

Bathing Suit of 1894.

Though the woman with a well filled purse can indulge in the luxury of a silk bathing costume, the greater number of the fair sex at the shore will frolic with old Neptune in suits of all wool flannel. These may be made very plain or may be trimmed with great taste.

The neatest suits seen in the stores are made with full skirts and have knee tights and full tights to match. Sandals and odd knitted or rubber caps come with these suits, which are made in black, navy, cardinal, maroon, gray and white. Black, white and red worsted braids in different widths are used as trimming, and this garniture can be put on in exceedingly pretty effects. Cuffs and sailor collar of red or white flannel on blue or black suits are very stylish, although some beautiful models are made with box plaited waists, with the skirt, wrists and down turn collar trimmed with two or three rows of narrow white or red worsted braid.

The best suits range in price from $4.50 to $7. These are for ladies, the suits for children costing between $4 and $6.25.—Philadelphia Record.

The Magic Touch

Of Hood's Sarsaparilla. You smile at the idea. But if you suffer from

Dyspepsia

And Indigestion, try a bottle, and before you have taken half a dozen doses, you will involuntarily think, and no doubt exclaim,

"That Just Hits It!"

"That soothing effect is a magic touch!" Hood's Sarsaparilla gently tones and strengthens the stomach and digestive organs, invigorates the liver, creates a natural, healthy desire for food, gives refreshing sleep, and in short, raises the health tone of the entire system. Remember

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

Take Hood's Pills for Sick Headache.

[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER XXIII.

MY LAST ATTEMPT AT ESCALADE.

This lassitude, however, came over me slowly and at first imperceptibly. When I made up my mind not to attempt to rush the tunnel, I was vigorous enough. Accordingly I at once commenced a labor which I had always intended, but had put off till it became certain that I had no other way of escape. As the reader may remember, I made no very serious effort in any direction until I had first established such relations with my dumb companions as would insure me a supply of food, for I perceived that no mode of possible escape offered itself which did not involve time and labor and that the food problem was the first to which I should devote myself. At 9:30 o'clock on this morning I began to cut steps in the incline leading up to Curry's Window. Not long after my imprisonment I had scored the rock here with my knife. It was limestone of the hardest and closest grain imaginable. For cutting steps I used the brass reel of my fishing rod, which fortunately had been caught in the interstice between two great bowlders. I broke it into pieces and used piece after piece till the bit used as chisel was worn too small. The little wornout fragments I put carefully to keep, intending to melt them if I could and fuse them into one piece afterward when the usable pieces should be exhausted. My precious knife I resolved not to use up till the last extremity, for I could not tell in what way it might yet be necessary to me. I worked steadily at these steps, using first the right hand and then the left. With plenty of time and plenty of brass I could certainly make my way out of the den, but I perceived after I had finished the first step, which was in fact only a little crevice into which I could insert my bare toes, that my supply of metal would be worn out long before the necessary niches or footholds could be made. I worked standing on the top of the rude bone and timber ladder, whose construction I have already described, and this ladder rested upon the heap of stones, gravel, bones and seaweed. The seaweed was in fact my bed and bedclothes. Every morning I brought it hither and at night brought it back to the seal pond, which was my headquarters. It will be seen that by utilizing the seaweed in this manner I saved the making of a step or two, which, of course, meant a great deal to me. Though my supply of brass wore out fast, my strength seemed to wear out faster. I became very weak, so much so that the cutting of the second step took five days longer than that of the first, and that of the third took three full weeks, and I was conscious that my strength was still fading away. That this arose from an exclusively fish diet, helped a little, I confess, with edible seaweeds gathered in the seal pool, I had a rather curious proof. My marine retainers brought me so much food that it was an embarrassment to me. What I did not want I used to fling into that fissure I spoke of at the ebb of the tide. The tunnel was thus a sort of refuse pipe. One day I took a large haddock, to which I fastened a stone, and flung it into the pool, where of course it sank to the bottom. I went to my graving work as usual, and when I returned and held my torch over the spot where I had thrown down the fish saw a fine lobster half covering the white haddock, evidently feasting upon it. I thrust the butt end of my rod to him, which he at once seized upon viciously with one of his claws, so that I drew him safely to land. I made my supper upon him, relishing well the change of diet. I did not leave a small claw unbroken or its contents not eaten. Next day I worked decidedly better. I did afterward occasionally catch a lobster in this manner and noticed the same result. Still I was very weak, and more than once spent a whole day in perfect idleness beside my fire, such was my lassitude and extreme exhaustion. Also I grew very drowsy. I was never more than half asleep and not often wide awake. My seals sporting in the pool or gathering round me barking and whimpering as I lay, the vast surrounding darkness, the noises and echoes, the craggy, illuminated corners of rock above, began to look very dreamlike. I was often asleep or more asleep than awake, while I kept feebly scoring the incline at the window. Finally this apathy or weakness, or both, grew so upon me that I almost ceased to have even the desire of escaping and longed inexpressibly to fall fast asleep and forget everything, which nevertheless I was unable to do. When I first became seriously conscious of my failing strength and knew or guessed the cause, I thought of killing a seal, not one of my pets and friends, but the next strange seal which might show itself. But when the next appeared I was too inert to set about the undertaking, nor indeed did I know how to set about it, for the creature was very shy. Curiously enough, though, I now ate very little. I did not feel hunger. In fact, I was dying by inches. All my vital powers, bodily and mental, seemed as if slowly and painlessly fading away. This lethargic habit began to oppress me seriously in the beginning of October and continued into the month of November.

I drew him safely to land.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE GHOST.

Once while I was in this lax and spiritless condition, highly nervous, too, as I have no doubt, I became suddenly aware that something was passing me by, not in front, but behind me and very close. Of course I saw nothing. The sensation was something like that of a person who in a dark room becomes aware, he does not know how, of the presence and proximity of another person. My fire was on a smooth, inclined rock, or rather on the smooth, inclined floor of the cavern, which, from where I lay, sloped rather sharply down to the seals' pool. My hearth, so to speak, and the floor immediately around it were level. I pitched upon this spot as my resting place because from it the light of the fire not only illuminated the pool and allowed me to see my seals at their gambols there, but threw certain pleasant reflections on the rugged projections of the opposite wall of the cave—that on the same side with the pool. Between the fire and the other wall of the cavern at this point there was only the distance of four or five feet. I usually lay or sat facing the pool, therefore, with my back to this wall. It was between me and it and close behind me that the thing, whatever it was, seemed to pass. I had never seen a ghost. I never believed in them. More than once when I wanted timber for any work I might have had on hand I have sallied forth at night to get what I required in an adjoining graveyard. There was one separated from the rectory by a single field, and in a corner of this were all manner of boards, generally decayed, but some sound enough for my purpose. I had never even taken an imaginative delight in ghost stories, which seemed to give others such singular and unaccountable pleasure. I fancy I was of too active a habit of mind and body for that form of pleasure. At the moment I was thinking of home and even of a home scene more calculated than others to dispel evil imagination. I was thinking, in fact, of our household, the family, the domestics and two outdoor servants assembled in the breakfast room at family prayers and of my father's appearance and manner when, as was his custom, he prayed extempore, including in his petitions many things of local and family interest. Like nearly all the rural clergy of that time, his principles and practices were of the low church or evangelical school.

While so brooding, reflecting and imagining as I sat over my fire, sleepy, too, as I usually was in those days, suddenly I felt a curious sensation of cold and then became aware of this thing, person or whatever it was passing me by. I dare say my hair stood on end. I certainly felt the most extraordinary sensation, as of a thousand needles driven into my head and such a sense of horror and fear as I never experienced before and hope I never shall again. I am ashamed to say, too, that I screamed, and with what a noise that scream rang through the long and lofty cavern, with its various galleries, can be imagined. I heard a great splashing in the seals' pool. It was my seals plunging into the water when they heard the scream. I ran down to the water, quaking in every limb, or rather I tumbled forward in that direction, for I remember falling more than once and afterward found my knees badly cut as well as the lower part of the palms of my hands near the wrists. In fact, I fled to my seals for protection against this thing. They were alive, real and natural, and I hastened to them quite instinctively, as one might to any human companionship from the dread of that which was uncanny and supernatural or what seemed such. But I had effectually frightened the seals. They had plunged through the water into their tunnel and disappeared. Presently, however, I saw them again in the opening of the tunnel, four or five black heads close together, with their round eyes, filled with wonder, glittering in the light shed upon them from my fire, which was blazing brigntly at the time. A little before my alarm in that manner I had heaped up some fresh timber, which was now sending out a good blaze. I spoke to my seals, called them to me, and in a few seconds they came to me. The moment I laid my hands on their heads I felt calmed, and although I still quaked I felt my courage and self control returning. I knew I had need of them, for I was certain that I would see this thing again.

The apparition, as I was aware, had passed me from the right hand to the left as I sat—that is to say, coming from the interior of the cave and going toward the entrance, or, in other words, from the gallery in which was the tomb and going toward Curry's Window. "It will pass this way again, returning," I said to myself. I am not sure that I am speaking correctly when I say that I determined to watch for its reappearance. It would be perhaps more correct to say that my gaze was drawn in the direction of the fire by a horrible fascination. After a time, which seemed an age, but which was exactly 5 minutes and 27 seconds—how I am so exact as to the length of the interval I shall afterward explain—the thing reappeared, passing as before between the fire and the wall of the cavern. As on the first occasion I felt first a curious and uncanny sensation of cold; then a quite formless, dark shape, if a thing formless may be described as a shape, and surrounded by a mistlike, pale smoke, passed between the fire and the rock, moving now from the right to the left—that is, from my right hand to my left as I sat among the seals, and disappearing in the obscurity that filled the interior parts of the cavern. Its movement was perfectly even and regular. This time I did not scream, though I shook and trembled violently. Now at least I was thoroughly awake and alert, with all my faculties quite preternaturally active. The listless, semicomatose condition in which I had now been sunk for so many days disappeared. It came on again later, however, as I shall presently describe. Between six and seven minutes afterward the thing passed again and so continued to pass for some hours, always seeming to take a longer time to do the distance from the fire into the interior and back again than that which lay between the fire and the entrance of the cavern. The apparition continued to present generally the same appearance, save that the darkness which was in the midst of the luminous haze seemed to be more distinct. Sometimes I thought it presented the outlines of a man, and once I imagined that I made out clearly the head and shoulders. I noticed, too, toward the end of this period of time that the central darkness was not quite dark and distinguished some faint indications of color.

I was now so far recovered and had grown so accustomed to the apparition that I determined to snatch a burning fagot from the fire and kindle for myself a new fire in the neighborhood of my seals. I saw that if I did not do so, and that soon, my fire would presently be burned out and that I would not be able to kindle another, for I was aware that I had used up for my first attempt to kindle a flame all the loose gunpowder in my pockets. Inspired with a desperate courage by this horrible thought—the thought that I might henceforward be compelled to live not only in cold, but in darkness—I determined, come what might of it, to save my fire. Accordingly, waiting till the apparition had passed on its way into the interior of the cavern, I hastened forward and returned with a burning ember—I had previously brought some timber from that pocket filled with driftwood. So I endeavored to kindle a fire with the aid of the ember. This attempt failed, and seeing the fire now very low, regardless of all consequences, I rushed forward again, returned with three or four small embers, holding the still unignited ends of these in my hand, and keeping their red points together. This time I succeeded, and in spite of the presence of the apparition I felt a singular sense of joy and satisfaction as my driftwood caught fire and sent up a bright blaze.

I was still desperately frightened. While manipulating my firewood the sticks frequently fell from my hands, which shook as if I were suffering from ague. Yet, frightened as I was, I was determined to do battle with even it for my fire. To be alone in the darkness—alone save for the apparition—seemed more frightful than anything that might befall me in keeping my fire alive. Truly I was at death's door; but, like that old Greek hero of whom we used to read at school, I was determined to die at least "in the light" and see this thing, rather than in the darkness and altogether at its mercy. I now looked steadily at the place where it had been moving to and fro, but though I looked a long time I saw nothing of it. Then I began to think, not that the whole scene had been an evil dream, but that it was an ocular delusion, an affection of the optic nerve and an imagination resulting from the low fever that preyed upon me, accompanied by that unusual lethargy and sense of physical and mental depression.

CHAPTER XXV.

THE GHOST TAKES AN UNEXPECTED SHAPE.

I did not see the apparition for some days after that and began to entertain the hope that it would not again come to plague me, but at midnight on the fourth day it appeared again, and this time not as an unshaped blot of darkness surrounded by mist, but exhibiting a very distinct shape—the shape of a man. As on the first occasion a sudden premonitory chill, like the passing of an ice cold wind, struck cold and terror alike into the very marrow of my bones. I knew now what was coming. Will it this time, I thought, pass by me or interfere with me in my new place or keep to its old beat? I kept my eyes fixed upon the wall of rock where my old fireplace had been and which was faintly lit by the illumination of my new fire. Then presently I saw the figure of a tall man striding noiselessly along, proceeding just as that shapeless blot had done from the interior of the cavern and moving toward the entrance. The outline of his form was perfectly distinct, the colors and the lines within the form were blurred and dim. So far as I could judge, in the nervous condition which I was thrown into by the reappearance of the phantom, the figure wore a mantle and a kilt reaching to the knees, the legs being otherwise bare. In a horrible condition of alarm, but still exercising over myself a certain self control, I awaited its return. After what seemed to be the usual lapse of time it repassed along the illuminated wall of rock and as silently as before. On this occasion either the outlines and colors were more clear and visual or the fact that I was not now taken by surprise enabled me to observe the phenomenon with less agitation and alarm. This man, if man it was, wore his hair long; wore also a beard. His mantle was red, and on his breast I saw something glittering.

In this manner it continued to pass and repass, while I remained as if glued to the spot on which I sat. Though the fire was burning now very low, I either forgot to feed it or did not offer to stir through my apprehensions and fear of attracting the phantom in my direction, I forget now which. So low did the fire fall that at length I with difficulty could distinguish the moving shape as it passed and repassed. One of my seals crept up to me and uttered one of its cheerfulest and friendliest cries.

The noise made by this poor animal, utterly unconscious apparently of any dread presence in the cavern, recalled me to myself. I laid a little fresh driftwood on the fire, and when the blaze shot up saw clearly once more the apparition moving from the entrance toward the interior—from my right hand to my left. I waited for its return, but it did not return. I looked at my watch. It was a little after a quarter to 3 a. m. When the ghost had commenced to walk, I did not know, save that it was somewhere about midnight. I remained awake for hours after this and at last fell into a broken slumber, haunted by disagreeable images, so that I was pleased to be again awake. Next night when the hands of my watch approached the midnight hour I sat up observant, though alarmed and trembling. Of course I apprehended that this dread elder tenant of the cavern, in spite of his past innocuous behavior, would at some time challenge my right to be there or in one way or another attack me. Now, though I don't wish to boast of my courage, and indeed I believe it is no proof of a chicken heart to be afraid of a ghost, yet, having had many hours to reflect over this singular phenomenon, I was determined, come what might, to resist it, at least not to permit this man, for indeed a man he seemed, to frighten me out of my senses and then destroy me at his leisure. I knew that ghosts, if any such existed, were insubstantial, not to be injured by weapons and presenting no purchase even to the bravest hands, yet it never occurred to me that this ghost could have been of that insubstantial nature. Though he made no sound whatsoever beyond what I presently recognized to be the mere figment of my imagination, creating for the phantom a footfall whenever its foot seemed to touch the hard ground, yet otherwise it seemed perfectly substantial, a solid mass of apparently human flesh. It quite concealed the face of the rock as it passed by, obliterating in its passage the illuminated points and projections there, which instantly shone out again after it had gone by. More than that, I remembered having distinctly seen its shadow. I don't say that these reasonings passed through my mind then, and I only refer to them now to justify the conviction which I entertained that this being was not a ghost in the ordinary sense of the word, but a substantial thing that might lay hold on me and drag me by the hair through the cavern, perhaps to its den. I never doubted that it was a thing which could hold me, and also upon which I might lay hold, and with which I might struggle, and possibly, God helping me, overcome. Indeed I did not forget my prayers while firmly resolving in my own mind not to be destroyed without a struggle. I prayed incessantly, and, though I felt greater calm, self control and even strength as the result of my prayers, did not observe that the use of the sacred names exercised the least influence on the apparition. It is true indeed that my murmuring of those holy names was quite inaudible. I felt that to stand up and in the name of Jesus Christ bid the specter go would be an act of war, so to speak, and that as long as it should leave me alone and not come nearer it would be more prudent not to proceed to such extremities. This was no doubt weak, but allowances must be made for my very helpless condition, immured here, far from men, in this tomb, with a fellow tenant of that horrible character. So far the ghost had not interfered with me. On this the third appearance of the specter its shape, outline and the interior lines and colors were completely and distinctly visible. I saw now pass before me, with a long, steady and even stride, not indeed the tallest man I have ever seen, but among the tallest. I have never seen nor ever cared to see one of those unfortunate human beings who are hawked about the world as a spectacle and a show on account of their prodigious size. The man who now almost exactly at 12 o'clock began to pass and repass, a few yards away from me, was as tall as one of the taller of the Dublin policemen, of proportions corresponding with his height and indeed very finely formed. The something which I had formerly noticed as glittering upon his breast I now saw to be a round wheel, seemingly of gold, but why the man wore a wheel on his breast I could not at first understand. After he had passed and repassed a few times I discovered that it was a brooch. I could see the two ends of the pin of this brooch, one knobbed on the man's right shoulder and the other pointed on his left. They went straight across his chest, of course piercing the mantle and keeping it close to his figure at this point. His head was quite bare. His hair, yellowish or rather sandy, neither lustrous nor curling, fell on his shoulders. His beard and mustache, the beard especially, were not exactly red, but more inclined to red than the hair of his head. His mantle was a dark crimson, with loose threads, apparently of gold thread or thread stained to that resemblance, flattening on the edges. What I had at first imagined to be a kilt I now saw was only the lower part of a shirt or loose tunic gathered at the waist by a dark red belt and falling thence in loose folds to his knees. It was striped vertically, white and red. He wore shoes of some brown or dun color, but with clasps of some description of metal which I could just perceive shining. The light seldom fell on his feet. I could not perceive that he wore any stockings. When he went toward the interior from the entrance of the cave, I could see distinctly a short sword, which hung down quite vertically on his left thigh. The scabbard seemed to be made of some reddish kind of wood. It was fastened with bright headed rivets and was shod at either end with a substance which looked like gold, but was brighter. The handle of the sword looked like ivory, but was rather duller in hue than ivory should be. Otherwise he was unarmed. In fact, altogether he presented the appearance of a warrior of ancient times. His right arm always hung down by his side. The left hand was passed under the mantle and lay on his breast, having hold upon something there, I fancy upon the strap of his sword—what antiquarians, I think, call a baldrick. His head was bent a little forward, and his shoulders were slightly rounded. At all events his gait was not quite erect. His attitude was that of a man pondering profoundly upon some intricate problem and pacing to and fro quite immersed in calculations and ruminations concerning its solution. Though I watched him pass and repass at least a hundred times, his carriage and mode of holding his hands never varied in the least from what I have described. His bearing, I say, was that of a man deeply reflecting, but then there was no sign or token of reflection whatsoever in his face. There was truly no speculation in those eyes. Otherwise his face suggested life rather than death, for it was of a good color, somewhat ruddy in the cheeks and well bronzed otherwise. The eyes alone, so wide open, staring and lusterless, suggested death. As to his age, he seemed to be about 40. I may add, at the risk of being too minute, that on his brooch were five good sized eyes of glass or some substance duller than glass, and that on his left temple there was a scar running from the roots of his hair to the outer extremity of the corresponding eyebrow. I had plenty of time and opportunity to make these observations, for after his second appearance the ghost continued to walk every night exactly at 12 o'clock and ceased to walk at half past 2. Invariably also his walking terminated in the interior portion of the cave and in that gallery at the end of which was the strange tomb which I have described.

I saw the figure of a tall man striding noiselessly along.

Although the reader will of course attribute this apparition wholly to the diseased state of my nerves and imagination, and although such is my own belief, too, in a sense, yet it is singular that the apparition, supposing such to be its origin, should have assumed exactly this form and garb. I never saw a man dressed in that style. I had never even seen a picture of a man so dressed, for although the flowing mantle, long hair, straight hanging sword and kilt form the usual get up of antique warriors on the stage or in pictures, the big brooch was quite strange and novel even to my imagination. Such antique warriors, too, in pictures or on the stage, appear gartered to the knee and always carry a shield on their arms or strapped to their backs. This figure had no shield, apparently no stockings and certainly no garters. Consequently, if the apparition sprang from my imagination, and from the imagination projected itself into visuality in this remarkable manner, my imagination was able to produce something that my eyes had never seen either in the world of reality or in the world of art and something that the imagination had never at any time consciously conceived at all. Another singular circumstance is this: I knew that this cave was the cave of Curry, the smuggler. I had already associated the idea of the tomb which I had discovered with him. Now, my notion of a smuggler was that which is commonly entertained by all boys and young men, viz, a stout, strong, burly man of a seafaring type, wearing top boots and pistols stuck in his belt. Having had plenty of time for reflection, the thought of Curry, the smuggler, in this highly conventional form—that is, the melodramatic smuggler—had been frequent in my mind, and since I discovered the tomb the notion that Curry's ghost might haunt the cavern had very frequently arisen in my numerous broodings and cogitations. I did not indeed seriously entertain the thought of Curry's ghost inhabiting the cave, but the fancy or idea, as ideas will, had oftentimes passed idly through my mind. Yet the apparition, when it did come, was as unlike a smuggler as it was unlike a nineteenth century man of fashion. I, too, am now convinced—indeed I did not leave that cave without the conviction—that this specter was the creature of my imagination, wrought up by low diet and solitude to a preternatural degree of potency and activity. But of this, too, I am convinced—that the imagination in some persons and under abnormal circumstances has a power which few people suspect, and unconsciously to ourselves is fed and sustained by a kind of knowledge and by forms of experience which never came within the range of the imagining person. Before concluding this tale I shall relate something which seems to provide some faint clew to my very remarkable preternatural experiences in Curry's cave.

After the specter's second appearance he continued to walk for five nights, beginning and ending his mysterious beat or promenade at exactly the same time each night, and taking exactly the same course on each occasion. By degrees I began to be so accustomed to his presence that I sometimes even broiled and ate my fish while the ghost went to and fro, and once I lessened by nearly half the distance which separated us in order to observe him and his habiliments more closely and accurately. On this occasion his eyes seemed on a nearer view to present so terrible an expression that the moment he passed I withdrew swiftly to the proximity of my fire and my seals and did not again venture one yard away from the opposite wall of the cave.

The excitement caused by the apparition had roused me to a considerable degree from the lethargy into which I had been before fast sinking and indeed almost past recall. Indeed but for the ghost I think I should have died in that cave, so stupid, sleepy and indifferent to all things was I fast growing. The ghost at least had the merit of keeping me rather broad awake for some days and all my faculties on the alert. Otherwise I might have succumbed before the arrival of the relief which was now about to make such a difference both in my condition of mind and body and in my prospects. The excitement had this almost immediate good effect—that when the first intensity of it had passed away I ate rather more broiled fish than I had done for many days before the coming of the apparition. So when the relief did arrive I was in a condition to utilize it.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Only Human Nature.

An incident occurred a day or two ago in a dressmaking establishment not far from Fourth and Market which afforded no end of amusement among a bevy of seamstresses, while, on the other hand, a bride to be, her mother and sister were completely crushed and left the place in disgust. And the bride elect caused it all. The mission of the mother and two daughters was to inspect the wedding gown and have the garment fitted. The one to wear it put it on and for 30 minutes posed in front of the mirrors, admiring herself and being complimented in extravagant terms by the mother and sister. The gown was pronounced just too sweet for anything. "Oh, my, isn't it lovely?" enthusiastically exclaimed the wearer, following with the remark, "Madam ——, if you had some one of my type of beauty and form like my own, I would be delighted to see how I will look when I become a bride tomorrow night."

The modiste gave a wink, and her assistant hurried up stairs and returned with one of the sewing girls, a blond with a pretty face and faultless form. It did not require long for her to attire herself in the bridal costume. When she reappeared, she looked like a queen. Hardly a word was spoken. The modiste and her assistant, including others in the room, went into raptures over her beauty and how exquisite she looked, but the mother and two daughters said not a word. The sewing girl's charms had overshadowed the bride's. The modiste's bill was paid, the marriage is now over, and the papers, in compliance with the time honored custom, told how beautiful the bride looked.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Learning to Swim.

A useful device has been designed for learning the motions of swimming. It consists of a wire stretched tightly across the swimming bath. Two grooved pulleys run along the wire, and a rope is passed through the lower pulley reaching to the surface of the water. A belt of special make is worn by the pupil, which, by means of swivels and rings, allows the wearer to lie in any desired position. As soon as the swimmer acquires the proper motions, the wheel moves along the wire. This makes the lesson interesting and much less fatiguing than the old method of pole and rope.—Engineering.

Extreme Economy.

Mrs. Corntossel had been to the Corcoran Art gallery. "What did you think of the statuary?" asked her hostess.

"Well," was the meditative reply, "of course it's mighty poor taste and sinfully wasteful fur people ter overdress. But I must say the ancients carried economy ter an extreme."—Burlington (Ia.) Gazette.

Ancient Salads.

The lettuce was deemed by the ancients the food of the dead, because when Adonis, the beloved of Venus, was mortally wounded by a wild boar the weeping goddess laid him upon a bed of soft and tender lettuces, whose milky juice possesses soothing and narcotic qualities. Lettuces were eaten by the ancients at the close of their repasts, as from their cooling qualities they were considered antidotes to the heating effects of wine.

The bitter herbs which the Jews ate at the passover were wild lettuce, succory, tansy, camomile and dent-de-lion, and this same race are the inventors of the salad compounded of oil, vinegar, sugar, salt and mustard to render the bitter herbs palatable. The Irish two centuries ago made their salads of sorrel, wood sorrel and beet chopped with vinegar, beer and a little sugar, but no oil, salt or mustard. Readers of classic history will remember how a lettuce caused the cruel death of Cambyses, king of Persia and Media, and of his consort, who was also their sister.—Vegetarian.

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CHICAGO, JULY 21, 1894.

AMUSEMENTS.

Following are the announcements for the principal places of amusement during the coming week:

HOOLEY'S THEATRE.
Randolph-st., between Clark and Lasalle-sts.—"Charley's Aunt."

COLUMBIA THEATRE.
Monroe street, between Dearborn and Clark—Charles Frohman's Stock Company.

SCHILLER THEATRE.
Randolph street, between Dearborn and Clark—"Clover."

McVICKER'S THEATRE.
Madison street, between State and Dearborn—"An American Heiress."

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.
Clark-st., between Washington and Randolph—Seabrooke.

CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE.
Southwest corner Clark and Washington-sts.—American Extravaganza Co.

NATIONAL PANORAMA.
Wabash avenue and Hubbard court—Battle of Gettysburg.

WAR MUSEUM.
Wabash avenue, between Fourteenth and Sixteenth streets—Libby Prison.

"We must tolerate one another, or else tolerate the common enemy."—*Henry Grattan.*

"It is not strength, and 'tis not steel
Alone can make the English reel,
But wisdom working day by day
Till comes the time for passion's sway;
The patient dint and powder shock
Can blast an empire like a rock!"
—*Thomas Davis.*

IRELAND'S SENTIMENTAL SIDE.

The *Irish Republic*, of New York, which voices radical Irish opinion in that metropolis, is out in its latest issue with an editorial bearing the caption "The Work You've Got to Do," in the course of which it says:

"Sentiment controls the Irish movement, not 'rints' and well filled purses. Many of the Land League leaders came to forget the truth of the matter, and with considerable sums of money passing through their hands, they bethought themselves of feathering their own nests, and eventually, from moving in high places and on an outer edge of society, the cabins of Ireland came to them only in nightmares. The cravenhearted slave, moving with a chain clanking at his ankles, in the gilded halls of the tyrant, could not remember his fellows afar off writhing under the lash. Manhood of Ireland, the parliamentarians whom you trusted have proved themselves but a curse to your nation, and a curse they shall remain until you destroy them. Only despicable slaves would tolerate the Union Jack McCarthyites, and none but fools would elect the Redmondites for parliamentary purposes.

"You ask, 'What shall we do?'

"*United Ireland* has, wonderful to relate, discovered that sentiment is at the bottom of the Irish question. Pity it is that it did not long ago awaken to the fact. This acknowledgment at this hour should, however, place us at once outside the disastrous regime of claptrap and make-believe. We do hate England. Let us no longer deny it. We will not be satisfied with home rule. Let us say so boldly in the face of the world. By doing so, instead of simpering with lying protestations of loyalty in the hope of getting a crumb, we shallgain the respect of all liberty-loving nations, who, through our own falsehoods, treacherous and unmanly, have been led to believe that a mere subject legislature in Dublin is the be-all and end-all of Ireland's desires.

"And having declared ourselves, let us lose no time in electing either McCarthyites or Redmondites to parliament. Elect men, if you will, to a council whose business it shall be to preach revolution throughout the land and arouse the people to a stern sense of the duty they owe themselves and the generations yet unborn, but let us have no more humbug. The Bastile was not brought to an end by begging speeches or petitions, nor was England forced to acknowledge American independence by the platitudes and soft nothings of Yankee spouters. Hard, earnest, determined revolutionary work, with the resolve to keep the flag flying in the face of every difficulty, until victory shall have crowned your efforts. You must steel your hearts, too, if you would set Ireland among the nations."

There is no mistaking the sentiments expressed in the foregoing quotation. THE CITIZEN finds them no strangers in its columns. Yet, sooth to say, it found, when it gave vent to its opinions, in much the same spirit, that many so-called revolutionists condemned its "hot headed policy," and even counseled a still further trial of moral force and Whiggery. Sentiment, no doubt, greatly controls the younger men of Ireland, but it cannot be denied that materialism always formed a large part of the strength developed by the old Land League. "The old flag and ten acres" seemed to be a war-cry of that period. Materialism was, in fact, more or less cultivated by the Land Leaguers. Irish literature became almost a dead letter, and the ancient Irish language was permitted to fall into still greater decay. Now, there seems to be a change, and, sentimentally, matters in Ireland look somewhat brighter, while the young men cry out again—

Fling our banner to the wind,
Studded o'er with names of glory,
Worth and wit and might and mind,
Poet young and patriot hoary
Long shall make it shine in story.

JUDGE E. R. PAIGE

Judge E. R. Paige, formerly a distinguished jurist and scientist, of Iowa, died at his residence on Irving avenue, in this city, on Sunday, July 15, after a somewhat lingering illness. He was a gentleman much beloved by all who knew him. As a man of science he had few superiors, particularly in the realm of geology. In 1879 he was employed by the Chicago *Times* to explore and write up, in company with the editor of THE CITIZEN, the great Bad Lands lying along the Cheyenne river and its tributaries. His work attracted great attention at the time, especially his discovery of a saurian skeleton eighty-seven feet in length, at Steamboat Lake, on Laramie Plains, in June of the year mentioned. Judge Paige was brilliant as a scientific lecturer, and was also the inventor of several valuable mechanical apparatus which have been patented. His health became impaired about three years ago, and consumption rapidly developed in his system. He never lost his vivid interest in nature, and had always a welcoming smile and kind word for his old friends. A favorite quotation of his, from Ossian, used to be, "And the day will come when I, too, shall slumber in the clouds, heedless of the voice of the morning." The day of darkness has come for him, so far as this world is concerned, but we hope for him a brighter existence in a happier sphere. Judge Paige leaves a wife but no children. He was in the 60th year of his age, but looked at least ten or fifteen years younger until within a short period of his death. THE CITIZEN sincerely mourns Judge Paige, whose bivouac in the Wild West its editor so often shared. He is still another of the friends we have "seen around us fall, like leaves in wintry weather." The companions of our more stirring days are growing fewer, and, among those we have recently lost, none will be more missed than that true type of an American gentleman, Judge E. R. Paige.

THE ARTILLERY EXPLOSION.

Chicago, as became a first-class city, had a metropolitan accident, on Monday afternoon, when one of the ammunition wagons of Battery F, Second United States Artillery, blew up at the junction of Grand and Oakwood boulevards. Four soldiers—three of the Second Artillery and one of the Seventh Cavalry—were killed and seven soldiers, two women and a young boy received injuries, some of them supposed to be fatal. This kind of accident occurred only once before, in a great city, at Paris, immediately preceding the Franco-Prussian war. It is said that an accident of a similar kind occurred in a Southern town during our Civil War. But the Grand boulevard explosion happened on a smooth road, with the battery and its cavalry escort going at an easy trot, and cannot be accounted for by even the most expert among military men. No doubt something was wrong with one of the shells carried in the caisson, but exactly what nobody can logically explain. Of course, as Gen. Miles has said, such accidents are frequent on the field of battle, when caissons are struck by heavy missiles, some of them redhot, but, ordinarily, the artilleryman, riding on an ammunition box, is as safe as a coachman driving a family carriage.

For some hours after the explosion occurred the angle of Grand and Oakwood boulevards looked like a bloody corner of the field of Gettysburg, as represented in the famous cyclorama. Mangled men, mangled horses and much warlike debris strewed the ground. Houses were shaken and shattered, the ground was torn up by exploding schrapnel shells, and all the horrible conditions of battle were, for the time being, practically realized. Two cannoneers who sat on the exploded box—Doyle and Donovan—were blown into fragments. The farrier of the Seventh Cavalry, by name Gaylor, had his head blown off as cleanly as St. Ruth at Aughrim, and, like that fated commander, his body was carried, rigid in the saddle, by the frightened horse, several hundred yards before it fell to the ground. The wounded men presented, if possible, a more horrifying spectacle than the slain. Their faces, in three instances, were disfigured beyond recognition; their backs, breasts and limbs perforated by schrapnel shot and fragments of wood, and their limbs and necks filled with grains of cannon powder. In at least one case, the skin and hair seemed to be entirely burned from the head of the victim. Nothing, for its extent, could have been more horrible than the spectacle thus presented.

The troops were out on a kind of holiday parade. The battery was in the centre—preceded by a troop each of the Third and Sixth Cavalry, and followed by one of the Seventh. The sun was shining brightly, the trees were in all their summer beauty; certainly there was "no death in the air," when, suddenly, there came a crash, smoke, fire and carnage. Fortunately it was about the ordinary lunching hour, and, besides, many of the boulevard families were out of the city. There were but few people on the sidewalks, watching the pageant pass. Of these two ladies and a boy, who was riding a bicycle, received serious wounds from schrapnel balls and flying fragments. Had the usual Chicago crowd been watching the procession the loss of life would have been appalling. As it is, it was bad enough. Most of the wounded soldiers were taken to Mercy Hospital where they are being humanely treated. It is feared that some of them will not survive their injuries.

THE IRISH FACTIONS.

A well grounded complaint of the Redmondites of the Irish party, against the McCarthy wing thereof, is that the latter voted for Harcourt's "budget"—what horrid terms these English use—which imposes additional heavy burdens on Ireland. They are also at swords points on the evicted tenants' bill, which is still pending in the commons. A Parnellite organ, dealing with the subject recently, says:

"If the evicted tenants' bill, which, in its present shape, falls wofully short of the requirements of the situation and of the expectations which the Whig policy has excited in Ireland, be emasculated the seventy-one Irish Whigs will be to blame, and they alone. Like the whittling-down of the provisions of the provisions of the home rule bill last year, the subsequent hanging up of home rule for an indefinite period, the arrival of coercion in Ireland last winter, and the addition this summer of £300,000 a year to the imperial taxation of Ireland, this practical abandonment of the evicted tenants to their miserable fate would be but the natural consequence of a policy which began with an act of surrender and betrayal, and has since been marked by every possible evidence of subserviency and slavishness. We would fain hope that the rumor to which we have referred is without foundation, and we confess we hardly like to contemplate the spectacle of Mr. Morley practically forswearing himself by announcing a week or two hence, its correctness; but there is seldom smoke without fire, and in fear that it may be well founded, we deem it our duty at once to warn the Irish public of what may be coming so that public opinion, while there is yet time, may assert itself and, mayhap, prevent what would be at once a calamity to Ireland and a disgrace to the government."

Since the foregoing was published, it has been cabled from across the way, that Mr. Morley, who, apparently, wants to run things to suit himself and Dublin Castle, has threatened to resign the chairmanship of the land commission for the adjustment of agrarian difficulties. The Irish members appear inclined to take him at his word.

IRISH POLITICAL PRISONERS.

Miss Maud Gonne, the brilliant young Irish lady who takes so ardent an interest in all that concerns her native country, recently addressed the following letter to Mr. J. P. McDonald, editor of the *Labor Standard*, Paterson, N. J.:

"Last year I visited some of the Irish-American political prisoners confined in Portland prison under the treason felony act. Some of the poor fellows had not received a visit or seen a friendly face for more than ten years. They are condemned to perpetual silence. They work like beasts of labor in the stone quarries of Portland, chained to great carts of stone. They are insufficiently and badly fed.

"The meat which is occasionally allowed them, is often rotten. For over two years they were prevented from sleeping. A warder had orders to awake them every hour, which was done by opening and banging an iron trap door in the door of their cells.

"This systematic cruelty has driven five of the fifteen Irish prisoners in Portland, Dr. Gallagher, Whitehead, Flanagan, John Duff and Devany actually mad. The English government and the English doctors sent by the government deny this, but the priest of Portland prison, Father Matthews, an Englishman, and not at all in favor of the Irish prisoners, told me that, undoubtedly, Dr. Gallagher and one of the other prisoners—I think he said Whitehead—were insane. Devany, who I myself saw, was certainly mad, and I find that in the official medical report of the prisoners he is stated to be weak-minded. I had a permit to visit Flanagan, but the governor refused to let me see him and would give me no reason for this refusal. The reason, however, is easily found: the poor fellow being mad and the government having denied the fact.

"The treatment and condition of the Irish-American political prisoners is a disgrace to civilization and the English government do all in their power to keep secret the facts concerning them.

"I published in the Irish and French papers the account of my visit to Portland and the sufferings of the prisoners, thr details of which I obtained from Mr. Egan, Mr. McKevitt and Mr. Gilbert Cunningham who have been released after terms of from eight to twelve years' imprisonment in Portland, and for this I have been refused permission by Mr. Asquith, the English home secretary of the Liberal government, to visit the prisoners again.

"The Irish political prisoners' Amnesty Association is doing great work in England, Scotland and Ireland. We have branches of the association in all the great towns in England where there are many Irishmen.

"I wish this work was being carried forward in America with the same energy. Surely the question is one that should appeal to Americans, who love freedom, as well as to Irishmen.

"These fifteen Irish-American prisoners now in Portland are condemned to a life long imprisonment because they loved Ireland and strove to free her. They are treated with a cruelty which is a disgrace to civilization. The English prison system may be humane when it is a question of common law prisoners, of thieves, forgers or murderers, but it is pitiless in the case of Irish political prisoners.

"If you would take up this matter in your paper you can publish all that I have written to you and I would be very glad to supply you with the material for a series of articles on this subject, the exactitude of the details of which I can guarantee. Mr. Dalton (John H. O'Connor, formerly of Paterson) gave me your address, when I visited him, but, unfortunately, I mislaid it and only found it yesterday. He asked me to write to you for him and to say he had written to you, himself, some years ago, but had received no answer from you. He was doubtful if his letter had ever reached you. He would like you to write to him. It would be a great comfort for him to know that he was not forgotten by his old friends.

"The prisoners have the right of receiving a letter every three months. The letters are opened and read by the governor of the prison and are confiscated if they contain any political information. I hope you will write to him, however, and give him news of his friends. When I saw Dalton he said he had suffered severely from the cold, but that he was better and feeling fairly well. All the prisoners have great hopes in the efforts of the Amnesty Association in obtaining their release."

ROSSA HONORED BY DUBLIN.

Let us be thankful that there is an Ireland outside the influence of that Babylonian strumpet, the British house of commons. O'Donovan Rossa, as typical of fierce Irish resistance to British rule in the nineteenth century as was Sir Phelim O'Neill in the seventeenth, has received a splendid ovation from the people of Dublin, the discrowned capital of the unfortunate Irish nation. It does our heart good to read of this, because Ireland anything but heartily rebel against England gives us mal de mer. We were near giving the Irish people up for lost, coiled as they were in the slimy embrace of Whiggery, but the respect shown Rossa, the indomitable, has made us hope again. Not, indeed, that Rossa can, in this degenerate day, accomplish much that is practical, but because the love shown for him by the people, under the very shadow of the Castle, proves that "there's life in the Old Land yet." Yes—

Fast as from each martyr's hand,
The fiery cross fell down in fighting,
A thousand sprang to clutch the brand
Our Beltane fires relighting:
And tho' again might fall the flame—
Quenched in the blood of its devoted,
New chieftains rose, fresh clansmen came
And again the old flag floated!

Rossa's Dublin reception is spoken of as follows by *Unnited Ireland* of June 30:

"It is quite true that the Dublin people like demonstrations—bands, banners, and crowds; but their partiality for display will hardly explain the very remarkable reception given to O'Donovan Rossa on Monday night. We frankly confess that we were not prepared for so emphatic, so unmistakable a welcome to the exiled Fenian leader who has done so many things of which Fenians themselves disapprove. Why was it? Curiosity? That had something to do with it, certainly. So had our Irish love of display. But if you multiplied these feelings by a hundred you could not make the demonstration of Monday night. The truth is, look at it how you will, that the people of the Irish capital opened their arms to O'Donovan Rossa because he was (and we presume is) the stoutest-hearted Irish rebel England has had to deal with in our time. The incident should make a good many of us pause. Are we quite certain, even could our Parnellite ideas prevail in Ireland and in England, and Mr. Gladstone's parliament be established in Dublin, that the Irish question would be at an end? What is the sentiment which, for nearly forty years, has kept O'Donovan Rossa's courage so strong, and, as he touchingly said at the Rotunda on Tuesday night, his heart pure, through almost unspeakable trials which now, on his return from twenty-nine years' exile, makes the Irish Capital and the Irish Felon one in heart, and mind, and soul? Mr. Chamberlain is not the only English statesman who thinks that the Irish difficulty is a materialistic one; we fear a great many of the men who talk about home rule from the treasury benches of the English commons share the view. It is not quite certain either that some members of the party of Mr. Justin McCarthy don't feel that way also.

Well, it is all a mistake. Irish nationality is a sentiment planted so deeply and so firmly in the Irish heart that not alone will coercion not extirpate it, but, as we once heard a genial and witty Munsterman express it, 'begorra, nor will home rule either.' And indeed that is a paradox with a very profound truth in it. We have no thought, in considering Mr. Parnell's expression that Mr. Gladstone's home rule bill of 1886, with certain amendments, would make a final settlement of the Irish question, that our late leader considered that the parliament proposed to be given to us by that measure would be an adequate recognition of our national claims. What he meant, no doubt, was that the bill, if passed, would put an end, broadly speaking, to Irish hostility to England. But that is not, by any means, the end of the business. We do really want, if we can, to make Ireland a nation. Sometimes, reading the papers, one would think that we lose sight of it today, just after the O'Donovan Rossa demonstration in the streets of the Irish capital. Every Irish Nationalist who has not been bitten with the vulgar social ambitions of the middle-class English, who has not been inoculated with the poison of the bourgeois philosophy, hopes and prays and longs for the day when Ireland may stand up in the world, as Hungary and Italy did, with a straight and perpendicular vertebræ. That hope, that thought, is in the Irish heart, and O'Donovan Rossa is today the means of reminding us that it is going to stay there. Now, there is no use in beating about the bush. We don't like England. Her works and pomps are a horror to us. * * * For O'Donovan Rossa, the Irish rebel, we have every respect and every gratitude. No one who listened to his address in the Rotunda on Tuesday night could fail to be touched by the recital of his prison history. It moved men to tears; but they were tears not for Rossa—who is today, thanks to a grand Irish frame of bone and muscle, hale and well—but for Ireland; tears for the poor old land whose sons must suffer so if they are to serve her truly and well. Such tears not the whole red army of England could stop from coming; and we pray heaven that the fountain whence they rose may never dry till it flows molten lava to cover forever from the eyes of Irishmen, English arrogance, robbery, cruelty, hypocrisy, 'law,' aye, and English 'friendship,' too, as they call it—to cover them in some Cimmerian and bottomless pit, 'in one red burial blent,' never to rise more."

LATER—A report comes from Ireland that Rossa received three votes in the common council for city marshal of Dublin. There must be some mistake about this, which cannot be explained until the Irish papers covering the date of the transaction arrive. We can hardly conceive that Rossa would be rash enough to venture on a contest for office so soon after returning to Ireland. If he did, he must have been deluded and betrayed by artful enemies, or fool friends, who are worse. However, we will wait and see what the Dublin press has to say about the business.

IT will be seen, by reference to our advertising columns, that the popular White Star Line has reduced its passage rate to principal points in Great Britain and Ireland to $10. This certainly is the most reasonable figure that ever was presented to persons desirous of visiting the Old World this summer.

BY order of the War Department, the regular troops who had occupied this city and its environs since July 4, were ordered to vacate their camps on Wednesday, and all left on Thursday—the infantry to their respective posts and the cavalry and artillery, with the Fifteenth Infantry, to Fort Sheridan. The Second Brigade of State militia was also relieved from duty, and the men proceeded to their homes.

A DUBLIN dispatch, dated the 16th inst., says: "At the sitting of the Irish land commission today a majority of the members, including Messrs. Sexton, Dillon, Healy, and the Unionist Russell, voted against Mr. Morley, the chief secretary for Ireland, on a question of procedure. This being the third time that Mr. Morley's authority had been thus set at naught, he adjourned the meeting in order to consider whether he should resign the chairmanship. Amid the confusion which prevailed somebody shouted, 'You had better reconsider your position as chief secretary for Ireland as well.' It is reported that Mr. Morley has before threatened to resign the chairmanship of the commission, and that he is now determined to carry out his threat, thus ending the labors of the commission for the present."

IT would seem from the Chicago police report of 1893 that people of nearly all callings are more or less prone to wickedness. The official report gives the following interesting information: Total arrests for the twelve months, 96,976; fines paid, $523,359. Occupations of persons arrested are given as follows: Thirty-four thousand two hundred and ninety-four no occupation, 19,174 laborers, 3,387 teamsters, 2,383 clerks, 1,294 bartenders, 751 butchers, 1,680 carpenters, 806 machinests, 1,601 merchants, 1,284 painters, 1,701 peddlers, 1,940 saloon-keepers, 1,464 waiters, 28 clergymen, 7 actresses, 86 actors, 6 aldermen, 10 detectives, 10 dentists, 18 Columbian Guards, 1 United States deputy marshal, 13 editors, 38 reporters, 3,982 housekeepers, 60 messenger boys, 38 teachers, 30 seamstresses, 38 gamblers, and 111 attorneys. Crimes are classified as follows: Forty murders, 1,326 resistance of police officers, 118 personation of police officer, 30 riots, 5,548 violations of city ordinances. 2,154 vagrancy charges, 7,237 larcenies, 1,203 threats to kill, 484 assaults to kill, 170 assaults to rob, 1,062 robberies, 27 participations in dog fights, 38 contempt of court charges, 97 charges of cruelty to animals, and 4 charges of cruelty to children. Fifteen saloon-keepers sold to drunkards and 27 to minors.

THE orators of the day at the 18th annual demonstration of the United Irish Societies at Ogden Grove, on Aug. 15, will be: For the afternoon, Hon. O' Neill Ryan of St. Louis, and Mr. M. P. Brady of Chicago; for the evening, the Hon. A. L. Morrison of Santa Fe, New Mexico, and Mr. M. V. Gannon of this city. Mr. Francis Agnew will preside in the afternoon, and Mr. W. H. Joyce in the evening.

MAJOR W. C. MCCLURE has gone on his annual trip to Ireland. He sailed from New York for his native land last Saturday.

FIRST AMERICAN SULLIVANS.

The story of the Berwick Sullivans is familiar enough, but Miss Jewett repeats it so charmingly in the current number of the *New England Magazine* that the temptation to quote it is irresistible:

"Two of the most interesting figures of the last century, however, who must by no means be forgotten, were John (or Owen) Sullivan, and his wife, Margery, who came over to New England from Ireland about 1723. They first landed at New York, and spent some time there on the McIntyre farm, still occupied by descendants of the royalist exiles. Master Sullivan always surrounded himself with more or less mystery, but insisted that he had 'four countesses to his mother and grandmother, which has been proved true.' He feigned great ignorance at first to match his poverty; but at last, tiring of his humble position, tradition says that he wrote a letter to Parson Moody, of New York, in seven languages, and presently removed himself to the upper part of Berwick, a few miles above Quampeagan, to the neighborhood of the Great Falls, and opposite the present city of Somersworth. Here he kept a school for a great number of years and owned a small farm. He is reported to have been indolent according to the standard of his contemporaries, but to have been always reading, and a man of great wit and natural powers of mind. His wife was a woman of quick temper, but great tenderness of heart, joined to all the practical ability which Master Sullivan seems to have lacked, except that most noble gift of awakening young minds. Margery Sullivan—the small, beautiful, energetic, courageous woman who worked in the fields, so that her thoughtful and studious husband might not be obliged to do it; who drove a cow some thirty miles through woods and along bad roads for her son; who nursed the neighbors when they were ill, and quarrelled with them horribly when they were well; who gloried in her sons' careers, boasting that she had dropped corn many a day with two governors; a judge in her arms and a general on her back. The writer has heard another boast of Margery Sullivan's career repeated: that she never did anything contrary to the will of her husband. He was her father in age, her master in knowledge, and her husband by marriage.'

Old Master Sullivan died in 1796, at the great age of nearly 105 years, keeping his love for books until the last. His wife died in 1801. Two of their sons, Daniel and Ebenezer, were captains in the Revolutionary Army; the first dying on his way home from a captivity in the Jersey prison ship; the second was a lawyer at South Berwick, but died in Charleston, S. C. John Sullivan, the younger, was one of the distinguished officers of the war, major-general by rank, and afterward first president or governor of New Hampshire. James lived at first in Saco (it was to him the cow was driven), and later he became a citizen of Boston; a judge of the superior court, attorney-general, and in 1808 governor of Massachusetts.

There is a charming story of his being in the District of Maine, and going out of his way to pass the night with his old father and mother at Berwick. In the evening he and his father lost their tempers over some political argument and parted in anger. The judge was obliged to leave the house very early in the morning before day, but he was so troubled as he rode away by the thought that he had been disrespectful, that he turned his horse at last and rode back again several miles to beg his father's pardon.

This was the author of the "History of Maine," so often quoted; a delightful work, eloquent at times, and naturally very full of interest when its author touched at any point the history or traditions of his native town. Berwick has had a few sons of whom she has such good reason to be proud. The family burying place, at the old farm on Pine Hill, was unfortunately destroyed by the laying out of a road; and the graves of the father and mother being disturbed, the poor ashes that were left and the stone erected by their son James were removed by a descendant to the burial ground of their son and daughter, Gen. John Sullivan and Margery (Mrs. Hardy), at Durham, N.H.

Death of Mrs. Ignatius Donnelly.

In the death of Mrs. Ignatius Donnelly, says the *Catholic Citizen*, an estimable Christian woman went to her reward. Mrs. Donnelly breathed her last in St. Paul and was buried from the Cathedral. A numerous cortege of mourning friends followed the remains to the tomb. Among the distinguished mourners were Hon. Ignatius Donnelly, Dr. I. Donnelly, Stanislaus Donnelly, Governor Merriam, Senator Stephens, Hon. M. Doran, Hon. P. H. Kelly and many others. Solemn requiem mass was celebrated at the Cathedral by Rev. Dr. Heffron, who also spoke feelingly on the beauty of a Christian life.

GAELIC SPORTS.

Interesting Hurling Match Between the Davitt and Innisfail Clubs.

Lively Football Bout Between the Wolfe Tones and a Selected Team.

The prospect of seeing a fine hurling game between the Innisfails and the champion Davitts brought out a large crowd of spectators last Sunday, who were rewarded by a fine exhibition of the Irish national game. At 4:30 the teams faced each other as follows:

Davitts—Goal, Cronin; backs, M. Ryan, P. Fleming; half backs, M. Lehane, Farrell, Dwyer; left wing, M. Ahearn, Keating, B. Hayes; right wing, D. Ahearn, E. Ahearn, M. Hayes; forwards, J. Hayes, E. Furlong, Gooley, Hogan, O. Ryan.

Innisfails—Goal, M. Phelan; T. Penny, J. Egan; T. Callahan, J. Conway, P. Sexton; left wing, McCarthy, James Callahan, P. Darling; right wing, John Callahan, E. O'Reilly, J. White; forwards, M. Hartigan, T. Naughton, J. Callahan, T. Sullivan, E. Byron.

Referee P. D. Fitzgerald threw up the ball and the Innisfails at once made a break for the northern goal. The ball went wide of the posts, and from the hit out the Davitts forced their way into Innisfail territory with a like result. Hartigan received the ball from Naughton and scored first point for the Innisfails. Fifteen minutes of give-and-take play followed, both teams doing some fine hitting. White, of the Innisfails, was disabled, Ryan taking his place. C. Callahan from the right wing scored point two for his side. A melee round goal was dangerous for the Davitts, but their defense cleared safely. Farrell and Lehane were noticeable for good defense, and Ryan at full back played a reliable game. Both teams pressed in turn. Cronin effected a good stop of Naughton's high puck, and stopped another hard one from Callahan. Tim Sullivan added a third point for the Innisfails, who at this juncture were having the best of the argument. Nothing daunted, the champions attacked, and just before the interval Furlong notched a point. Ends were changed, the score standing 3 points to 1 in favor of the Innisfails.

At 5:12 o'clock play was resumed. Furlong broke away, dribbled the ball up and placed the ball through the points. Ryan and Farrell both made good stops of Innisfail shots.

Ryan in saving conceded a forty yard kick, Naughton hit low, and after a scrimmage the ball passed outside. Ryan left, D. Ahearn taking his place, to which the Innisfails objected. He was finally permitted to play. Furlong hit from the right wing and three players fell over in front of goal. When the ball was disentangled D. Ahearn hit it through the goal. Naughton registered a point for his side, but disaster again befell them when Furlong, who was playing finely, scored a second goal for the Davitts. The defense on both sides was taxed. Callahan scored a point for the Innisfails, the ball passing close to the goal. Furlong retaliated with a point. Several Innisfail attacks were frustrated, but Naughton passed to Tom Callahan, who swiped the ball through. A forty-yard hit to the Davitts was not improved on. Naughton took one for his side and added their sixth point. The score: Davitts, 2 goals, 4 points; Innisfails, 1 goal, 6 points.

Wolfe Tones and Sarsfields at football was the first event scheduled in the Gaelic games Sunday at Thirty-ninth street and Wentworth avenue. The latter club was unable to get a team together, and filled in with Shamrock players, making a scratch game. At 3:30 the teams lined up as follows:

Wolfe Tones—James Sheehan, M. Sheehan, P. Sheehan, John Sheehan, J. Powers, T. Slattery, Flannigan, Devaney, Hanlon, Butler, Healey, Callahan, Nugent, B. Powers, Crane.

Scratch Team—J. Morrisey, P. McGrath, M. O'Hara, J. Hayes, J. Cahill, P. Shaughnessy, W. Shaughnessy, Mulcahy, S. Kearney, E. Cahill, of the Sarsfields; Corbett, Crane, Powers, M. Powers, W. Barry and Eggney of the Shamrocks.

The ball was fully a size too large and much out of shape, making good kicking out of the question.

At the start the Wolfe Tones pressed Hanlon, kicking a point. The scratch team worked the ball up and Shaughnessy punched it through the Wolfe Tone goal. They replied with an attack, and in four minutes Hanlon added another point. Nugent scored another soon after. Even play followed. Powers made a long run, but held the ball foul and was called back. After twenty minutes' play Hanlon had a good opening for goal which he failed to utilize, making a point only. From a melee round goal Hanlon fisted a point, the ball just going over the cross-bar.

At the interval the score was: Scratch team, 1 goal; Wolfe Tones, 5 points. In the second half the Wolfe Tones maintained their advantage, scoring 4 more points, Hanlon getting 2 and M. Sheehan and Nugent 1 each. Eggney scored a point for the scratch team, and before time they added a second. The full score was: Wolfe Tones, 9 points; Scratch Team, 1, goal, 2 points. The standing of the clubs:

FOOTBALL.

Clubs.	Played.	Won	Drawn.	Lost.	Points.
Innisfails...	2	2	0	0	4
O'Briens....	2	1	1	0	3
Davitts.....	3	1	1	1	3
Shamrocks.	1	1	0	0	2
Liberators..	3	0	2	1	2
Wolfe Tones	2	1	0	1	2
Sarsfields...	2	0	1	1	1
O'Connells..	1	0	1	0	1
Emmets	2	0	1	1	1
Grattans....	2	0	1	1	1

HURLING.

Sarsfields...	3	2	1	0	5
Innisfails...	3	1	0	2	2
Davitts.....	2	1	0	1	2
O'Mahoneys	2	0	1	1	1

Gen. Sherman's Friend, Maj. Schurtz.

This matter of mixing one's business with one's surname brings to mind an amusing story that is told of Gen. Sherman. About three or four years ago Gen. Sherman gave an order to a well known gentleman's furnisher of Washington for a dozen shirts. In due time the shirts were delivered and a check for the amount was received by the shirtmaker. A few days later Gen. Sherman was walking arm in arm with a gentleman down Pennsylvania avenue. Presently the shirt man bowed. The General remembered having seen the man before, but being at a loss to place him, said, "Ah, you have the advantage of me." The shirt man noticed the embarrassment and by way of relieveng him and introducing himself said, at the same time pointing to himself: "Made your shirts, sir. Made your shirts." "O, yes, I remember now," said Sherman, "I haven't seen you for years. How have you been, Major? Glad to see you." Then turning to his friend on his arm he said, "Col. Wood, allow me to introduce my friend Maj. Schurtz. Maj. Schurtz, Col. Wood."—*Ex.*

NOTRE DAME UNIVERSITY.

The commencement exercises of this well-known institution were held the last of June, over 5,000 people having come from various parts of the country to attend them, and the subsequent exercises at St. Mary's Academy, near by. The exercises opened with the overture "Les Manteaux Noir," by the Notre Dame University Orchestra. Then came the orations. Francis A. Bolton, '94, led with his ideas on "Free Government." Benjamin F. Bates, '95, sang Stahl's "A Wish," and received an encore.

Hugh A. O'Donnell, '94, spoke on "Higher Education," and his every period was rounded out with generous applause. Mr. O'Donnell possesses an excellent presence, speaks distinctly, and with unexpected eloquence in one so young, and his gestures are nearly perfect. He maintained that the student was better fitted to deal with practical problems than the untutored man. Following Mr. O'Donnell came the University mandolin orchestra in a medley, and upon receiving an encore, it responded with a fantasia on "Home, Sweet Home." Francis L. Carney, '94, then spoke on "Law and Labor." The University Quartette, comprising A. E. Cuneo, E. F. Dubrule, F. Schillo and B. F. Bates, sang "Sweetest Time for Dreaming," and sang it well.

The oration of the day was given by the Rt.-Rev. John Ambrose Watterson, D.D., Bishop of Columbus. He reviewed the history of the great university and urged his hearers to benefit by the example set by its founder. He spoke of the strifes now on between capital and labor, but hazarded no guess on the outcome. The Bishop is a believer in arbitration, however.

Degrees were conferred next day, as follows:

Master of Arts—The Rev. Hugh McShane, Chicago; the Rev. Ernest Hawley, Galesburg, Ill.

Master of Letters—Ernest F. Dubrule, Cincinnati.

Bachelor of Arts—Emil Ahlrichs, Cullman, Ala.; John S. Schopp, Cincinnati.

Bachelor of Letters—Francis A. Bolton, Newark, O.; Francis L. Carney, Marinette, Wis.; John M. Flannigan, Minneapolis; Joseph M. Kearney, Chicago; Francis J. McKee, Versailles, Ky.; Hugh A. O'Donnell, Bloomington, Ill.; Frost Thorne, Tyler, Tex.

Bachelor of Science—Edward H. Jewett, Chicago; Charles Kunert, Watertown, Wis.; Frederick J. Schillo, Chicago.

Bachelor of Science in Biology—Francis J. Powers, Trenton, N. J.

Bachelor of Law—Roger B. Sinnot, The Dalles, Ore.; Abraham B. Chidister, South Bend, Ind.; Maurice D. Kirby, Chessaning, Mich.; James W. Kennedy, Jacksonville, Ill.; J. Joseph Cooke, Beardstown, Ill.; Edward M. Roby, Chicago; James T. Kelly, Carroll, Ia.; Francis D. Hennessey, Portland, Ore.; Michael J. McGarry, Los Angeles, Cal.; John J. Feeney, Chicago; Charles M. Kreigh'aum, South Bend, Ind.; Leigh F. Gibson, Peoria, Ill.; Ernest F. Dubrule, Cincinnati.

Master of Law—Martin P. McFadden, Chicago; John T. Cullen, Minneapolis.

Mason medal for the student of Carroll Hall having best record for the scholastic year—Arthur Druecker, Chicago.

McPhee medal for excellence in physics—Hugh Mitchell, Denver.

Meehan medal for best English essay—Frost Thorne, Tyler, Tex.

Dwenger gold medal for Christian Doctrine—Arthur Place, Grand Rapids, Mich.

Sorin gold medal for Christian Doctrine—J. B. Murphy, Port Townsend, Wash.

Hugh A. O'Donnell, of Bloomington, Ill., won the medal in the oratorical contest, Hon. William J. Onahan, of Chicago, rendering the decision.

St. Mary's Academy.

The young ladies who received diplomas and graduating medals at St. Mary's Academy, Notre Dame, Ind., were: Misses E. Dempsey, Manistee, Mich.; M. Burns, Park View, New Mexico; M. Meegan, Fort Wayne, Ind.; M. Patier, Cairo, Ill.; M. Roberts, Topeka, Kan.; T. Kimmel, Ligonier, Ind.; M. Smyth, Chicago.

The graduates of the conservatory of music were Misses E. Coffin, Tama, Ia.; A. Dillon, Chenoa, Ill.; A. Wurzburg, Grand Rapids, Mich.; A. Tormey, Niles, Mich.

The crowns of honor given for politeness, neatness, ordes, amiability, correct deportment and observance of the rules of St. Mary's were distributed at the close of the exercises. The much-coveted crowns, awarded only to those who have attended the academy at least four seasons, were secured by Misses Mary Smyth, M. Roberts, M. Patier, T. Kimmel and A. Coady.

These young ladies were decorated with crowns of honor: M. Meegan, M. Anderson, M. Wagner, A. Tormey, A. Wieboldt, M. Downing, C. Graffe, M. Youngworth, J. Tracy, K. Tracy, J. Cosgrave, R. Fox, C. Gray, A. Girsch, C. Kaspar, E. Lancaster, H. O'Brien, S. Smyth, E. Phillips, S. McNamara, M. Wallace, C. Culkin, G. Schoolcraft, V. Collins, A. Dillon, M. Rockey.

Desplaines Campmeeting.

The Northwestern Line will sell excursion tickets to Desplaines, Ill., and return at greatly reduced rates, from July 18 to 31—good for return passage until Aug. 1, 1894, inclusive. For tickets and full information apply to agents of the Chicago & Northwestern Railway.

GALTEE-MOR.

BY JAMES BENJAMIN DOLLARD.

Dreamily the young leaves rustle,
Blandly breathes the jocund May;
But a day-dream is upon me,
And my spirit wings away
To the fair land of my boyhood,
To the friends beloved of yore,
Where thy slopes sublime swell upward,
Galtee-mor, Galtee-mor,
Where thy sunny brow looms upward,
Galtee-mor.

'Twas a glory to behold thee
When thy summer woods were green,
And the blossomed furze and heather
Wove thee robe of golden sheen.
How the morning sun in splendor
Blazed above thy summit hoar,
Thou wert then a thing of magic,
Galtee-mor, Galtee-mor,
Round thee, fairy spells and magic,
Galtee-mor.

I have loved thy torrent's clamor
When the livid lightnings crash,
And with mighty song of joyance,
O'er their furrowed beds they dash,
There was witchery in the wild wind
And the tameless torrents roar,
In my soul they found an echo,
Galtee-mor, Galtee-mor,
In my leaping heart an echo,
Galtee-mor.

Oft the Rapparee has sought thee,
Hiding from the ruthless foe,
Thou hast heard the outlaw's bugle,
Winding far thro' Aherlow.
Hapless Eire's sole avengers
In her night of anguish sore,
They were children of thy bosom,
Galtee-mor, Galtee-mor.
Cherished of thy rugged bosom,
Galtee-mor.

I have loved each vale thou guardest,
I have loved the peasants bold,
Honest hearts are theirs, and kindly
Figures of heroic mold
See "Magnificent Tipp'rary,"
Rampart on a field of gore!
Glad they die for thee and Erin,
Galtee-mor, Galtee-mor,
Proudly die for thee and Erin,
Galtee-mor.

* * * * * * *

'Tis a dream that I've been dreaming
And my soul was far away—
Alien skies are bending o'er me,
This is not an Irish May.—
Shall I look again on Erin
Ere my span of life be o'er?
Shall I view thy face majestic,
Galtee-mor, Galtee-mor,
Rest me by thy heights majestic,
Galtee-mor.

—*Boston Pilot.*

DEATH OF O'NEILL DAUNT.

By the death of Mr. W. J. O'Neill Daunt, of Kilcascan, county Cork, Ireland has lost one of her most faithful sons. He has died at the advanced age of 88, having devoted his life to the service of his country as a consistent and independent Irishman. He was associated with the emancipation and repeal movements, and was one of O'Connell's most trusted lieutenants. He sat in the English parliament for a period as member for Mallow, but after his first experience he never seems to have relished the idea of going to Westminster again. When the *Nation* was established he was one of its earliest and most cultured supporters. With advancing years his enthusiasm never waned, and when the Home Government Association was started in 1873 he was one of its leading members, and he subsequently became one of the vice-presidents of the Home Rule League. He gave his adherence to the great movement led by Parnell, and spoke at several meetings under the auspices of the National League in the early eighties. But Mr. O'Neill Daunt's services to the National cause were far otherwise than as a platform orator or as an active party politician. His name will be chiefly remembered in Irish history for his untiring exposures of the terrible injustice inflicted upon Ireland by England since the Union.

For more than a generation he has labored to keep the Irish public thoroughly alive to the robbing policies adopted by successive English governments in their treatment of Ireland. There was not a twist or turn in the tactics of those who have succeeded in filching £60,000,000 from Ireland since Mr. Gladstone carried his financial scheme in 1853 but he was thoroughly acquainted with. Almost with his dying breath the veteran patriot warned the Irish people against the foolishness of tolerating any additions to the robbery now going on in an aggravated form for forty years. Only a week ago he wrote the remarkable and instructive letter which we publish elsewhere and publish with regret as the last recorded word of so clear-headed and honest an Irishman. Ever since Sir William Harcourt's Budget was put before the public Mr. O'Neill Daunt denounced the proposals placing additional burdens on Ireland.

A few days before the vote of members—"sent to a foreign parliament to protect, if possible, the interests of their countrymen"—sanctioned the robbery of their constituents, he addressed these plain words to the people: "If," said he, "the Nationalist members make their support of the Budget conditional on the exclusion of Ireland from its operations, they can compel the compliance of the government. Should, however, their condition be refused, and should a unanimous Nationalist vote against the Budget upset the present administration, then, the same Irish party—if possessing strength and cohesion—could, by pursuing the same tactics, enforce the resignation of their successors in office, and finally obtain some mitigation of our financial evils." But, unhappily, the old veteran's last hours were embittered by the knowledge that the Irish representatives who had the power in their hands used that power for the purpose of robbing their own country while they had nothing but the most vile abuse for those who made the endeavor to do what he, with his great knowledge and admitted wisdom, approved of.

We are glad, however, that Mr. O'Neill Daunt, in his last hours, escaped the open censure of the upstart politicians of today for daring to speak out his mind as an honest Irishman. We are also glad that the closing act of this great Irishman's public career set the stamp of approval on the action of the Indepeudent party as regards the Budget proposals. Neither on this occasion nor at any time was he actuated by party considerations, for he had long ceased to belong to any party. He has been for years away from the active fight, but he has always viewed the battle with keen interest from afar and was better, perhaps, able to judge of the various moves and manœuvers than if he had been an active participant in the game. The life-long characteristic of O'Neill Daunt was his thorough independence. It was he who was the first to declare in 1845, when it was rumored that the Pope was about to interfere in National politics in Ireland, that he had "strong Irish convictions, and the strongest of these was that nothing but evil could arise from foreign dictation in Irish affairs." He lived for almost fifty years after making that declaration, and he was the same Independent Irishman of strong convictions to the last.

Personally, Mr. O'Neill Daunt was a most affable and cultured gentleman. Irish historical literature has been enriched by some valuable contributions from his pen. He belonged to one of the leading families in the county of Cork, and enjoyed the sincere respect of all who ever came into contact with him, while he was idolized among his tenants and the people among whom he lived. He did not live to see the hopes of his youth and the aspirations of his maturer years realized, but he lived to perform magnificent work for the land he loved, and work which will have a most beneficial influence when the final account comes to be settled between England and Ireland. His loss will be felt in the near future when the discussions on our financial relations with England will become more acute, but happily he has bequeathed to his son, Mr. Achilles Daunt, much of his ripe knowledge on Irish finance, and we have had indications in our own columns recently that Mr. Achilles Daunt promises to be, in a public sense, a worthy son of an illustrious sire.—*Independent, July 2.*

LE CARON'S EPITAPH.

The following appeared recently in a London paper:

THOMAS BEACH (MAJOR LE CARON), INFORMER; DIED APRIL 1, 1894, AGED FIFTY-ONE.

Le Caron's dead and lies beneath the sod;
Another Cain gone to the Land of Nod.
Nil nisi bonum, o'er most faults is writ,
But he from such exemption is not fit.
There is no charity in passing by,
A life so steeped in passing infamy.
For five-and-twenty years his way he went;
Smiling sardonic, but with dread intent.
To plot and marplot was his constant aim;
He lit the fire and then put out the flame.
In crime's inception he first showed the way,
And then with deadly purpose bagged his prey.
At his command the dynamiter(?) rose
To deal destruction to unwitting foes,
His was the brain that deftly planned the raid,
To trap the criminals himself had made.
He found the gold to foster deadly hate,
And then averred he meant to save the State.
If ever Demon took the human shape,
Le Caron could not from that form escape.
An arch conspirator, with purpose high,
For half his life he was a living lie.
He compassed treason in its direst form,
And round our English homesteads raised the storm.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, } ss.
LUCAS COUNTY.

FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and ever case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE. FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886.

SEAL

A. W. GLEASON,
Notary Public.

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THE PRESENT DUTY

Of Every Good Citizen.

Is to inspect the work upon the Drainage Canal, thirteen miles of which lying along the Chicago & Alton Railroad, between Summit and Lemont, has reached a point when inspection has become intensely interesting, instructive and exceedingly pleasurable. The visitor can see in active operation hydraulic dredges, steam shovels, steam hoists, steam drills, channeling machines, high-power derricks, cantilever conveyors and innumerable mechanical devices for rapid and economical excavation. The work is pronounced by experts to be more interesting than the construction of the Suez or Panama Canals. It is as large and expensive an undertaking as the building of the World's Fair.

The Chicago & Alton Railroad sells low rate round trip excursion tickets, from Chicago to all points on its line as far south as Lemont, every Saturday and Sunday. The territory thus covered by the reduced rates embraces the entire length of the most interesting portions of the Drainage Canal, as well as a number of places along the beautiful Desplaines river, particularly suited for family and party picnics, fishing excursions and individual summer outings. For further particulars, tickets, time of trains, etc., call on or address R. Somerville, City Passenger & Ticket Agent, Chicago & Alton Raolroad, 195 South Clark street, Chicago, Ill.

GAELIC POETRY.

Cumha Stiofain O'Mionachain.

Fear d'ár b'ainm Stiofán O'Mionacháin a rinne an t-órán seo. Bhí sé 'nna chómhnuidhe a n-iarrthar Iorruis, a g-Condae Mhaighco timchioll trí fithchead bliadhain ó shoin. Séan t-ádhbhar a rinneadh an t-órán, d'euluigh h-an leis agus bhí an bheirt aca 'nna g-cómhnuidhe le chéile tamall fada gan pósadh no ceangal agus bhí an sagart, an t-Athair Seághan O'Laighin (Dean Lyons), ag bagairt orra 'ch eile lá faoi an 'sgannall a bhí siad ag tabhairt do mhuintir na h-áite. Air deireadh an uair a chonnairc an sagart nach raibh siad ag tabhairt áird air a chuid bagartha chuaidh sé agus leag sé an teach air Stiofán agus chuir sé air dibirt as an áit amach é, lonnos go m-ba éigin dó dul go h-Oileán Chliara (Clare Island), áit tuitheamh agus is ann sin a rinne sé an t-órán.

Nach é an t-Athair Seághan a chuir sgapadh a's fán órm,
O mo phàistidhibh a tás mo shaoghail.
Mar gheall air mhná, a's gan ann fán
Dul a n-agbaidh Phádhraig agus na naomh.
Tá Cáirt na n-Grása go sioruidhe láidir,
A's ní'l sé ádhamhail a thabhairt chun dhíghe,
Acht iarraim athchuinge air Righ na n-Grása,
An t-é sgap m'árus nár fhágh sé saoghal.

Go moch Dia Céadaoin, seadh fuair me sgeul air
Gur árduigh an ghaoth agus gur sgap an cheó,
An teach go raibh a' tuitim, 'gus na ballaidh a' pleusgadh,
'S go m-ba é Eaglais Dé do thóg é air lámh.
Shiar chois fairrge atá mo station,
O Cheann Léime go Uachtar Ard.
Is olc mo gnothuigh dul ag saothrughadh sléibhe
Acht bhí me éifeachtach ag gabhail an bháid.

Go moch Dia Márta, ghluaiseas thar sáile,
Déanamh imirce fhánaigh amach faoi'n tir.
Air dhuithche an Mháillighe tá mo theach a's m'árus,
Air feadh trí ráithe is ann a bhídhim.
A Righ na n-Grása, ó's tá tá láidir.
Tabhair tuille spás damh-sa air an t-saoghal.
Go m-béidhead a m-bád mhaith faoi lomradh láidir.
A b-Puirtin Bán a's mé ag teacht a d-tir.

Ní'l lá d'á n-éirighim nach m-bídhim ag eugcaoin,
Faoi bheith a g-Ciar, a's gan bheith air ais aris,
Air dhúithche an oighre tá an chúmhacht go meadhrach,
'S is binn ceol traighion ann 'gus na cearca fraoigh
Tá guth na bh-faoileann gach maidin aoibhinn,
'S ba bhinne liom Síle no na h-orgáin.
'S nior bh'fhada liom an oidhche ag déanamh siamsa,
Ameasg mo ghaolta mar ba cleachtach liom.

Maidin Dómhnaigh go moch 'san bh-fóghmhar,
A's me breathnughadh air ghóstaibh an Oileain Bháin,
'S arís trathnóna, 'nuair théidhim faoi chómhnuidhe
Bídhim faoi bhrón agus ní chanaim greann.
Má's sin é an córsa gheall Dia dhamh-sa
Do bheith faoi chúmha no go liaththigh mo cheann,
Acht dáithche an Bhrúnaigh, a's bronntar damhsa é,
Anéis mo mhóide ní rachfainn ann.

'S a chúin bhean mbánla na bídheadh ort náire
Má théidhim thar sáile anois gan mhoill
Ag saothrughadh airgid, a's ór 'nna mhámaibh,
Le congnadh an Ard-Righ tá ós ar g ceann.
Cuirfidh me síoda 'gus "mantle shawl" ort.
Nach bh-fuil 'san áit seo 's nach m-béidh choidhche,
A's cuirfidh me a bh-faisiun thú le mnáibh Phoirt Láirge,
An chéad la Mhárta má fhágham-se saoghal.

MICHAEL ANGELO DIED, 1564.

So great an artist as the immortal Raphael "thanked God that he was born in the time of Michael Angelo Buonarroti." He was a poet of a very high order and a master in painting, sculpture and architecture such as the world has not since produced to rival him in versatality of genius. He was born in the Castle of Caprese, in Tuscany, on the 6th of March, 1474. He very early began to justify the prediction made at his birth that he would excel in those arts that delight the senses. At school he was ever ready to steal away from his books to practice drawing, but it was not dreamed of then that he would live to be recognized as the greatest artist of his time and to be chosen by several Popes in succession to decorate the walls of the Sistine Chapel or the architect to complete St. Peter's. His father, seeing how strong was the bent of his genius, reluctantly consented to place him under the care of Ghirlandaio as a pupil for three years, an unusual thing, agreed to give him 24 florins for his services. When Lorenzo de Medici opened a garden in Florence for the use of artists, filled with antique statues and busts, Michael Angelo instantly resorted thither, and Lorenzo was so struck with his first attempt at sculpture, a copy in marble from an old mask of a laughing faun, that he took him under his own patronage, gave him rooms in his palace and treated him like a son. There the youth studied with zeal and success until his patron's death in 1492. The artist left Florence to go to Rome by invitation of Julius II., the new Pontiff, who wished to draw around him all the men of genius. The Pope gave the artist an unlimited commission to build a mausoleum. The design was too magnificent for the church it was to adorn, and the Pope, after some thought, determined to rebuild St. Peter's as a fit covering for his superb monument, which was to be completed according to his original design, and Michael Angelo passed eight months at Carrara procuring the marble. In 1527 30 Michael Angelo displayed genius of yet another kind, as an engineer, being engaged in fortifying the city of Florence against assaults of the imperial troops. The city fell, and he restored himself to the Pope's favor by promising to complete the two statues for the Medici Chapel. Again he was anxious to resume the monument to Julius II., and again he was prevented by the Pope, who ordered him to paint the walls of the Sistine Chapel. This was in 1508. After much studied delay on the part of the artist, who kept privately on his work upon the Julian mausoleum, "The Last Judgment" was opened to the public on Christmas Day, 1541, Paul III., being Pontiff. He afterwards completed two large paintings, "The Conversion of St. Paul" and "The Crucifixion of St. Peter," for the Capella Paolina. In the reign of Paul III., this extraordinary man, 70 years old, entered upon a new department of art. San Gallo died in 1546, and he was summoned to succeed him as architect of St. Peter's. This office he held through five pontificates, accepting no emolument, and nearly all the time crossed and perplexed by the invidious plots of his enemies. With this stupendous work on his hands he had also to carry forward the Palazzo Farnese, construct a palace on the Capitoline Hill, adorn the hill with antique statues, make a flight of steps to the church of the Convent Ara Coeli, rebuild an old bridge across the Tiber, and last and greatest, convert the baths of Diocletian into the magnificent Church of Sta. Maria Degli Angeli. Under Pius IV. St. Peter's was carried up as far as the dome, which was modeled in clay and carefully executed to a scale in wood. But the architect had no time to direct it. A slow fever attacked him in February, 1563, and in a few days put an end to his life, at the age of nearly 89 or 90 years. His funeral solemnities were honorable and imposing. His remains, after lying a short time in the Church of SS. Apostoli, were conveyed to Florence and deposited in a vault in the Santa Croce.

THE GAELIC CLASS.

The Gaelic Class meets every Sunday from 2:30 to 5 o'clock p.m., in St. Patrick's Academy, Desplaines street, north of St. Patrick's church, second floor. Books can be obtained at the school from a member of the class.

Something Interesting to Every Family.

It is a fact well known to economists that more money is squandered in baking bread in a year than would pay half the rent. When you count up the cost of flour and its waste, fuel and other ingredients, families will soon discover that it is losing money. Families of workingmen will find it much cheaper to go to their grocer and buy Bremner's "Eureka" Bread. This bread is made from the very best Minnesota flour and pure milk from his own farm. Special attention is given to the bread ordinance, and every loaf has its full weight, and at the cost of six cents per loaf.

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Give promise to the ocean voyager of health and pleasure, but there is a broad expanse of waters to be passed that rise mountain high in rough weather and grievously disturb the unaccustomed stomach, more particularly if it is the of an invalid. Moreover, the vibration of the vessel's hull caused by the motion of the screw of a steamer, a change of water and latitude, and abrupt transitions of temperature, cannot, without a medicinal safeguard, be encountered with impunity. For sea sickness, and prejudicial influences of air and water, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is a standard safeguard. Tourists, yachtsmen, mariners, commercial travelers and people bound on a sea voyage or inland jaunt, should always be provided with it. Incomparable for malaria, rheumatism, neuralgia, sleeplessness, loss of appetite, sick headache, biliousness and constipation.

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JAMES McENERNY, ATTORNEY AT LAW, UNITY BUILDING.

STATE OF ILLINOIS, COUNTY OF COOK—ss.—Circuit Court of Cook County. July Term, A. D. 1894. Mary Hart vs. Edward Hart. In Chancery. No. 131,959.

Notice is hereby given to the said Edward Hart that the above named complainant heretofore filed her Bill of Complaint in said court, on the Chancery side thereof, and that a summons then upon issued out of said Court against the above named defendant returnable on the first day of the term of the Circuit Court of Cook county, to be held at the Court House in Chicago, in said county, on the third Monday of August A. D. 1894 as is by law required, and which suit is now pending.

FRANK T. GOLLER, Clerk.

James McEnerny, Complt's Solr'r.

THE GRAVE DIGGER.

Oh, the shambling sea is a sexton old,
And well his work is done,
With an equal grave for lord and knave,
He buries them every one.

Then hoy and rip, with a rolling hip,
He makes for the nearest shore,
And God, who sent him a thousand ship,
Will send him a thousand more.

But some he'll save for a bleaching grave
And shoulder them in to shore—
Shoulder them in, shoulder them in,
Shoulder them in to shore.

Oh, the ships of Greece and the ships of Tyre
Went out, and where are they?
In the port they made they are delayed
With the ships of yesterday.

He followed the ships of England far,
As the ships of long ago,
And the ships of France they led him a dance,
But he laid them all arow.

Oh, a loafing, idle lubber to him
Is the sexton of the town,
For sure and swift, with a guiding lift,
He shoves the dead men down!

But, though he delves so fierce and grim,
His honest graves are wide,
As well they know who sleep below
The dredge of the deepest tide.

Oh, he works with a rollicking stave at lip,
And loud is the chorus skirled!
With the burly rote of his rumbling throat
He batters it down the world.

He learned it once in his father's house,
Where the ballads of old were sung,
And merry enough is the burden rough,
But no man knows the tongue.

Oh, fair, they say, was his bride to see,
And willful she must have been
That she could bide at his grewsome side
When the first red dawn came in!

And sweet, they say, is her kiss to those
She greets to his border home,
And softer than sleep her hand's first sweep
That beckons, and they come.

Oh, crooked is he, but strong enough
To handle the tallest mast,
From the royal bark to the slaver dark
He buries them all at last.

Then hoy and rip, with a rolling hip,
He makes for the nearest shore,
And God, who sent him a thousand ship,
Will send him a thousand more.

But some he'll save for a bleaching grave,
And shoulder them in to shore—
Shoulder them in, shoulder them in,
Shoulder them in to shore.

—Bliss Carman in Atlantic Monthly.

A PRESIDENT MAKER.

Adolph Friederichs!

A most fascinating man—brilliant, dashing, sparkling, optimistic, impulsive and generous—a natural leader of men. He had all the qualities that win men's admiration. He had follies—and, I almost said, vices—that could only be condoned by overshadowing them with his multiplied virtues. By birth a German; by naturalization an American; by profession a journalist. If you would know more of him, he was a short, stocky man about 40 years of age, with a smoothly shaven, round face, and a leonine head like Millocker, the composer. He married a sweet faced, mild tempered, little woman, who idolized him and whom he loved with all the warmth of an impulsive and affectionate nature.

His income was sufficient for the needs of an economical man, but Friederichs was not economical; he did not premeditate extravagance, but was one of those unfortunates whose tastes were patrician and whose means were plebeian. He knew little or nothing of the value of money; a bill or a coin was to him as a leaf, and he "the owner of unbounded forests." He gambled sometimes—not often. When he won, he felt no pleasure other than what came through the purchase of some luxury for the little wife at home. When he lost, he was depressed—not for the loss of the money, but because the little wife would suffer some deprivation. Then his exuberant disposition would assert itself, and he would cheerfully borrow such sums as he needed from the first friend who would lend. Many such obligations were never repaid. His inability to meet them within a reasonable length of time caused him much temporary annoyance; then he neglected them and eventually forgot them.

Anomalous as it may seem, his sense of honor was high and strong. Had he been accused of being truant to any debt of honor he would have resented it to any extremity. His weakness was his optimism. It mattered not how dark and cheerless the present, the future was roseate, the past was dead.

The morning of that rosy future never dawned.

Friederichs sat in a room in a Chicago hotel with two senators of the United States. The city was filled with people gathered for a special occasion. Men were rushing about, pausing for hasty handshakes or whispered consultation, secret conferences were being held behind locked doors, and everything portended that an event of importance and magnitude was about to take place. Without a swelling cheer is heard, mingled with the notes of a patriotic air played by a brass band. Presently the band wheels into sight from across the street and marches down one of the great thoroughfares. Following comes an army of men with flags and banners. The conspicuous attire is long linen coats and tall white hats. On their coats are badges of ribbon denoting the organization to which they belong. They carry no more formidable weapons than light walking sticks and sun umbrellas. They are greeted with cheers from the surging, struggling mass that lines the sidewalks, and an answering cheer goes up from the ulstered, high hatted line. Occasionally some unduly excited individual utters a yell.

As the procession passes out of sight a similar one crosses on a side street, and the crowd shifts and struggles into position to obtain a view of the latter. Thus the day is spent, thus the evening and far into the night. It is a scene with which Americans are familiar. They know the meaning of this assembling of hosts, this gathering of clans. On the morrow a national convention of a great political party is to be held to select a candidate for president of these United States.

"Senator, I cannot do it," said Friederichs to one of the men in his apartments. "You might as well expect the colonel of a regiment to desert his general in the midst of battle with victory in sight. I have been with him from the first. What would the German people think of me if I deserted now? I have written hundreds of columns in his favor. They have read and believed. What you ask is impossible."

"But, Friederichs," replied Senator Black, "you have more to gain with us. Come, be reasonable. A foreign mission for you. I promise it. You do not doubt my authority to promise it in the name"——

"No, I do not doubt you, senator, but I must not think of myself. I must think of him."

"Well," petulantly exclaimed the senator as he arose and rapidly walked the floor, "you think you know him, but you do not know him so well as I." A revengeful light shone in the senator's eyes as he suddenly stopped in his walk across the room and confronted Friederichs. "I do not wish to offend you, Adolph, but I tell you I know him. He's as cold as an iceberg in the polar sea, as unsympathetic as a frost bitten squash, as ungrateful"——

"Stop, stop, senator!" cried Friederichs. "It is not right for you to say these things to me. I know him very well indeed. He is not magnetic—no, I admit that—but he is a good man; a little chilly, yes. But ungrateful, ungrateful to me? I cannot believe it."

"With the support of your delegation and the influence its vote will have on other states I believe he will be nominated," said the senator, preparing to take his departure. "If nominated, he will be elected. In that event you should have a seat in the cabinet, but mark me, Adolph, he will try to put you off with a second class postoffice."

Friederichs laughingly replied: "Ah, senator, you are too severe. You wrong him; you do really. Good night, good night." And so the interview ended. There was no possibility of swerving this faithful friend. His constancy was the central and most refulgent jewel in his crown of virtues.

Senator Black's belief was verified—the candidate supported by Friederichs was nominated. Immediately the fawning for possible administrative favor began. Messages of congratulation were showered upon the successful candidate. One delegate, who had voted for the strongest of the opposition candidates, sent the following telegram to the nominee:

"We were successful. I never at any time doubted your popularity with the intelligent representatives of our great party. Accept my sincere congratulations."

A few delegates attended an evening session to nominate a candidate for vice president. Friederichs was neither with those who sent congratulatory messages nor the enfeebled minority that named the vice presidential candidate. He was with a party of kindred spirits celebrating the victory and extolling the nominee before the shrine of Bacchus. With a charming accent that betrayed his German birth, but left his English undefiled, Friederichs recounted the virtues of the great man. Long after the great man himself had retired, and mayhap was soundly snoring, his faithful Friederichs was sounding his praises and predicting for him magnificent achievements. Nor was the great man the only person discussed by the assembled statesmen. The name of Adolph Friederichs was on many tongues, and there was much speculation as to what post of honor he would be called in the event of the great man's ultimate success.

"A cabinet portfolio," said one. "Minister to Berlin," hazarded a second. "A consulate in a congenial clime," ventured a third. "Private secretary," "public printer" and many others were suggested.

When the great man rode down Pennsylvania avenue in the magnificent inaugural procession, he was the happiest person in the grand pageant, with one exception. That exception was Adolph Friederichs. His great, round, good natured face fairly beamed with the joy and triumph that swelled his heart. He had played a conspicuously brilliant part in the campaign, and the reward was in sight. With a position of honor, trust and profit under the administration he would be relieved from financial embarrassment and would have an opportunity to distinguish himself for faithful public service—a most honorable ambition.

It would be a proud day for him indeed when he could go back to his state with a commission to an important office. With what delight he would exhibit it to the old political veteran, Senator Black, and exclaim: "Ungrateful, eh? Cold and unsympathetic, eh? You see, senator, you were mistaken. You did him an injustice." He would feel no selfish exultation. His chief desire was to vindicate the president in the eyes of Senator Black. And possibly he might do the senator a good service. He would at least ask the president to cherish no resentment, as he was sure the senator acted from conscientious motives in favoring the nomination of another candidate. And the little wife—ah, how proud and happy she would be!

The day after the inauguration Friederichs called at the White House, but he did not see the president. The great man was closeted with some statesmen who were to occupy seats in his cabinet. He left his card, on which was his hotel address. He was content to await the great man's pleasure. The president would, of course, be besieged by office seekers, and he would appreciate the delicate courtesy of one who had a right to intrude in not doing so. The president would wish to see him soon, of course. He would wait until he should be summoned.

A week went by. Two weeks, three, and not a word from the president. In the meantime strong opposition to the confirmation of some of the great man's appointees had developed in the senate. Senator Black was leading this opposition. It was too bad that Black still misjudged this great man and carried his animosity to such an extreme. He would see the president. Possibly he could do something to put an end to the antagonism and at the same time learn the president's intentions with reference to himself. He hastened to the White House and sent in his card.

"The president desires that you wait just a moment, when he will be at liberty," said the polite attendant, returning.

In a moment more the door to the president's private room opened, and to Friederichs' amazement, but gratification, out walked Senator Black.

"Ah, Friederichs," he said, extending his hand, "I am glad to see you. How warm and muscular your hand feels—quite a contrast to what I have just undergone, cold, Friederichs, and clammy," and the senator gave an involuntary shiver.

"You are not yet friends?" queried Friederichs. "I had hoped you would be."

"Friends? No, but we understand each other better. There is a way to deal with cold people. Oh, yes. If you make it hot enough, they're sure to thaw. He's melting a little," and the senator nodded his head in the direction of the president's room. Then with a hearty "goodby" he hurried out, and Friederichs thought he heard a soft chuckle as the senator passed into the main hallway.

Friederichs was shown into the presence of the great man. The president greeted him in a manner meant to be cordial, but somehow Friederichs did not feel wholly at ease. The great man had changed. There was an air of conscious exaltation and power about the chief executive that he did not like.

"By the way," said the president after they had exchanged formal greeting, "this is the first chance I have had to thank you for your assistance in my behalf during the campaign and at the convention. I appreciate what you have done, and I intend to reciprocate when occasion offers."

"When occasion offers?" thought Friederichs. "What better occasion would there ever be than the present?" But he only said, "I am glad to have been of service."

The president continued, "If I had a place left worthy of your superior abilities—but I haven't, so it is not worth while to discuss that."

"But, Mr. President, I did not expect"— He was going to say that he did not expect one of the best offices, when the president interrupted him:

"Of course not. You did not give me your support with the expectation of reward. Your motives were wholly unselfish and patriotic. That is why I so warmly appreciate your friendship and support."

Did the president purposely misunderstand him or was this but an honest exhibition of obtuseness? A feeling of indignation and resentment came over Friederichs, but he repressed it. The president did not understand his condition politically or financially. Of course not, or he would cheerfully offer him some post under the administration. Then he thought he would tell the president that all his friends expected him to receive some distinct mark of favor; that he would be humiliated in the eyes of the people of his state if he failed to receive it; that his efforts in the president's behalf would be a jest for his enemies. He was on the point of saying all this, but his pride overcame him. If the president was so insensible of his services, he would not run the risk of further rebuff by asking favors. His face was flushed and hot. The president mistook the flush of resentment for the blush of modesty.

"A man of your attainments, Friederichs," the president continued after a pause, "should be in public life—not in an executive or time serving place. You should be in congress. I am sorry you did not run this last time, but two years soon slip away. There is no reason why you should not represent your district in the lower house two years from now. If you decide to make the race, let me know, and I will help you. I never go back on my friends, and I count you one of them."

Friederichs put up his hand in protestation, but the president continued, "The lower house is the place for a man like you to make a name."

"Mr. President, I cannot afford it. The cost of a campaign is as much as the salary for a term. I am not a rich man."

"True, but see how many men have entered congress poor who are now rich and many of them there now. Of course they get out of the house into the senate as soon as possible. It's true the salary is not much, but there are opportunities, Friederichs—business opportunities—for a bright man like you in congress."

The flush on Friederichs' cheeks deepened. He felt parched and choked.

"It is out of the question, Mr. President," he replied as soon as he dared trust himself to speak. "I thought it possible that you might"— He could go no further. He would not have said more had he been able. He was angry with himself for beginning the sentence. What? Ask this man for a place? Beg an office? He would rather face his political adherents and have them know the truth. Yes, he would die in a gutter before he would further humiliate himself. The president, however, divined what he was going to say.

"Offer you something? Quite right, Friederichs, quite right, but I really think you would do yourself an injustice to accept an appointment. I think we can arrange it—a consular appointment. Before we decide, however, I want you to see Senator Black and arrange the matter with him."

"Why should I see Senator Black?" inquired Friederichs, with an effort to conceal the amazement he felt.

"What I am going to say must be confidential," replied the president. "Senator Black has always been opposed to me. He has caused me much trouble of late. I sent for him. He was here a few moments ago. He has agreed to withdraw his opposition if I give him absolute control of the patronage in his state. I felt that I could afford to do that. As you and Black both come from the same state, he would probably consider it a breach of faith—at least a breach of etiquette—if I appointed you without having the suggestion come from him or without in any way consulting him."

Friederichs could scarcely credit what he had heard. He, the faithful supporter of the president, and Senator Black, the president's erstwhile enemy, for a place under the administration! Senator Black, who had come to him at Chicago and begged him to desert the cause of the man who was now president! Great God! The room swam before his eyes, and the form of the president seemed but a speck in the chaotic mass, while voices rang in his ears, "As cold as an iceberg in the polar sea, as unsympathetic as a frost bitten squash, as ungrateful"——

When his vision cleared, he felt a desire to take the president by the throat and choke him. He controlled himself and said in a voice that was really calm and cold:

"I cannot see Senator Black about this."

"You and Black must not be enemies," said the president in a conciliatory tone. "You must settle your differences and be friends."

"The senator and I are friends—good friends."

"Then why do you refuse to go to him?"

Should he tell the president what had passed between Senator Black and himself, of the offer of a foreign mission, of Black's words, "cold, unsympathetic, ungrateful?" Should he make the issue Senator Black or himself and rely on the president's sense of honor? Then came the thought, Would the president repudiate his contract with Senator Black even though he knew all? And, again, would not his course be unjustifiable? Senator Black was his friend. Of that he was sure. No, he would not wrong his friend by even entertaining such a thought.

"Why do you refuse to see the senator?" repeated the president.

Friederichs felt all the glow and pride of honest manhood as he replied, "Mr. President, I cannot tell you."

Friederichs had no distinct recollection of how the interview ended. He was heartsore and mentally confused. How could he face the score of political friends who expected something at his hands? How could he bear the jeers, taunts and ridicule of the opposition? How could he meet the sweet and patient wife at home, who was already chafing at his absence and fearful for his success? In this state of mind he entered his hotel and ordered writing material sent to his room.

After leaving the White House Senator Black spent two hours at the capitol, two more with some friends, and then went to his apartments, where he wrote the following note:

DEAR FRIEDERICHS—Dine with me tonight at the Riggs. I wish to consult you with reference to federal appointments in and from our state. I know you must have political obligations in the way of offices to discharge, and as I have a thorough understanding with the president on the matter I intend to see that all your proelection promises are kept. There is a highly honorable and lucrative office to be filled which there will be no trouble to secure for yourself. I send this by my own servant, so that it may not miscarry. Sincerely yours,
BLACK.

P. S.—If you are short of funds, do not hesitate to draw on me for what you need. I have been short myself many a time and oft. B.
To the Hon. Adolph Friederichs, National hotel, Washington, D. C.

The senator rang for his servant, who at that moment entered at the hall door.

"I went for a copy of the afternoon paper, sir," said the valet. "Suicide of a prominent politician at the National hotel."

The senator glanced at the headlines and turned pale. Then he read the story.

"Poor Friederichs!" he said.

Farther on he read, "No cause can be assigned for the rash act."

Another paragraph:

"The deceased carried a heavy life insurance."

"What's this?" The senator's lips curled as he read:

"Mr. Friederichs was a warm personal friend of the president, who as soon as he learned of the sad occurrence sent a dispatch of condolence to the widow, in which he highly eulogized the character and eminent abilities of the deceased."—Richard Linthicum in Chicago Times.

Sleep Producers.

If you fear a sleepless night, undress in the dark. Light stimulates and arouses the activities. Darkness is supposed to produce drowsiness. Put some chopped ice in a rubber bag and place it at the lower extremity of the spine. This is particularly quieting to the nerves. Do not use anything except a rubber bag, or you will surely have a damp cloth and rheumatism by morning.

Do not use a pillow. Relax every muscle so far as it is possible. Sprawl over the bed with arms and legs stretched out. Take a sponge bath with tepid water just before going to bed.

Lie on your face instead of on your back. That is the way babies sleep, and their methods are scarcely to be improved upon in this particular. All pressure is removed from the spine by this means, and a delicious feeling of restfulness ensues.

Make up your mind that you want to keep awake long enough to hear some one come in or to outline the next day's work. You will drop asleep immediately.—Philadelphia Times.

The Polypus.

The common polypus has the most wonderful power of life. Cut one into a dozen pieces, and a dozen creatures are the result. Two have been sliced and joined together, producing monsters with two heads. When turned inside out like a glove finger, they do not seem to notice any change or sustain any inconvenience.—Exchange.

REVISED WATCH OFFER.

WALTHAMS AND ELGINS ONLY.

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FINE WATCHES AT REDUCED PRICES.

THE CITIZEN, ever ready to act in the interest of subscribers, has made a thorough revision of its popular watch offers, and now makes a complete offer of Waltham and Elgin watches that will certainly be appreciated by all who wish to buy accurate time-pieces at the very lowest rates. Every watch offered is a genuine Waltham or Elgin, in such a case as the subscriber may select. THE CITIZEN buys only for subscribers who may order. It sends nothing C. O. D., and does not care to sell anything except to subscribers who appreciate the favor. All watches will be delivered in perfect order. If they are damaged in the mails or found to be otherwise than as guaranteed, they must be returned within three days, and the purchaser's money will be refunded in full. These watches are guaranteed to be the latest product of the Waltham and Elgin factories. Every watch is of the latest and best design, and contains stem-wind and set, and all the greatest improvements. Subscribers should order at once, because these offers may not continue long.

WALTHAM REPEATER.
MEN'S SIZE, HUNTING-CASE.
$80, REDUCED TO $65.

We will sell what remain of the Waltham repeaters for $65 each, and this includes free delivery anywhere in the United States. This is to close out the few that remain. The regular price is $100. A Waltham repeater is a curiosity as well as a correct timepiece, because it strikes the exact time within five minutes whenever a spring is touched. The hunting-case is 14k. gold filled, guaranteed to wear 20 years.

SOLID 14K. GOLD WATCH.
MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $32.80.
OFFER NO. 26.

No. 26 is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch. The works contain seven jewels, compensation balance, safety pinion, stem-wind and set, quick train (18,000 beats to the hour), plain regulator, and all improvements. The case (hunting only) is made of solid 14k. gold, U. S. assay. It weighs 2 oz., and is a beauty. We save subscribers many dollars, and sell this elegant watch, delivered free, for.....$32.80

GOLD WATCH, OPEN FACE.
MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $9.60.
OFFER NO. 22.

No. 22 is an elegant Waltham or Elgin watch. The works contain all the improvements mentioned in No. 26. The case is made by rolling together a sheet of solid gold and another of fine composition metal. The case thus made will wear for years. It looks just like a $100 solid gold watch, and it will bring a handsome sum in cash or exchange. Price, delivered.....$9.60

HUNTING CASE GOLD WATCH.
MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $10.80.
OFFER NO. 23.

No. 23 has works like No. 26, and a handsome case made of gold reinforced with composition metel, just like that in No. 22. Price delivered.....$10.80

NICKEL-SILVER WATCH.
WALTHAM OR ELGIN, OPEN FACE.
MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $5.50.
OFFER NO. 29.

No. 29 is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch. It has jeweled works, exactly like those mentioned in No. 26, but open face. This watch is a magnificent timekeeper, and the case, while solid and durable, is very handsome. It is composed throughout of solid nickel-silver, not nickel-plate, and it is men's full size. This elegant watch is good for a lifetime of rough wear. It is specially adapted to the use of farmers, planters and all other men of affairs who give a watch hard usage. In looks and timekeeping qualities it is unsurpassed by any watch in this list. We will send this timepiece to any subscriber, safe delivery guaranteed, for.....$5.50

DIAMOND SPECIAL NO. 2.
GOLD WATCH, JEWELED GOLD HANDS.
HUNTING CASE, ELGIN ONLY.
MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $15.50.
OFFER NO. 27.

No. 27 is a magnificent Elgin hunting-case watch. It has the very greatest improvements, including the world-renowned cut balance, patent safety pinion, stem-winding and setting apparatus, jeweled balance, quick train, dust band, full plate, etc. The jewels are real precious stones. It has a genuine porcelain dial with either Roman or Arabic figures, and gold hands set with sparkling gems. These hands are made in Europe, by processes yet unattainable in this country. The gems have all the appearance and sparkle of real, genuine diamonds, and in the trade are often sold as diamonds. They are extremely handsome, and give to the watch the appearance of a $100 timepiece. The case is made of solid 14-karat gold in two plates, stiffened between with a sheet of very stiff composition metal. The gold is warranted to last 10 years. The works are good for at least 50 years' wear. We will sell them for $15.50 each as long as they last, which includes free delivery anywhere in the United States.

SOLID SILVER WATCH.
HUNTING CASE.
MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $9.75.
OFFER NO. 18.

No. 18 is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch in a solid coin-silver case. The works are full-size and they are beautifully jeweled. The case is hunting only. Sent to any subscriber, delivery guaranteed and prepaid, for.....$9.75

SOLID SILVER WATCH.
OPEN FACE.
MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $9.75.
OFFER NO. 18½.

No. 18½ is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch in a solid coin-silver case, open face. The works are made according to the latest design. This is an open-face watch, and it will prove satisfactory in every instance. Price to subscribers, including free delivery, only.....$9.75

NO. 9.—"P. S. BARTLETT" WALTHAM. FULL JEWELED, MEN'S SIZE.

"P. S. Bartlett" Waltham works contain 15 jewels, four pairs in solid gold settings, Breguet hair spring hardened and tempered in form, patent regulator, compensation expansion balance, safety pinion, stem-winding and setting apparatus. This is probably the most famous watch in the world. THE CITIZEN will send it to any subscriber, old or new. Delivery guaranteed and prepaid in the following cases:

Solid 14k. Gold 2 oz. hunting case..$38.00
Gold-filled 15-year hunting case (engraved).....$18.50
Gold-filled 15-year case, open face (engraved).....$17.50
In solid coin silver case, open face or hunting.....$13.50
In solid nickel silver case, dust proof, open face.....$10.00

"THE LIMITED."

14K. GOLD-FILLED WATCH, MEN'S SIZE HUNTING CASE—NO. 2487, PRICE $12.50.

The two following watches compose our new limited offer. This offer is limited in every way. The number of watches we can sell at this price is limited and the time the offer will last is also limited. Also remember that only Waltham and Elgin watches are offered. A gentleman who carries one of these watches asked a friend to guess the price. The friend guessed $100. Every purchaser has three days in which he may submit his watch to experts, and the money will be refunded in full if the watch is not found as guaranteed.

No. 2487 is our greatest bargain for men in many ways, and as we may discontinue it soon, subscribers should order at once. This elegant watch has either Waltham or Elgin works, with seven elegant jewels, compensation expansion balance, patent safety pinion, plain regulator, quick train (18,000 beats to the hour) and all the greatest improvements. The case (hunting only) is made of solid gold, 14k. fine, in two plates, between which a thin sheet of very stiff composition metal is placed for the purpose of making the case stronger and giving protection to the works. This watch is sold by watch clubs and installment men for $38, and it is worth it. We have made an immense purchase, and for a short time we will send one to any subscriber, safe delivery prepaid and guaranteed, for $12.50.

"THE LIMITED."

LADIES' SIZE HUNTING CASE 14K. GOLD-FILLED WATCH—NO. 2488, PRICE $12.50.

This magnificent watch is just like No. 2487, but ladies' size. This is a most attractive watch, which is especially desirable where a lady wishes something really handsome at a reasonable price. The color of the gold is rich, and the timekeeping qualities of the watch are of high order. Price delivered, $12.50.

SOLID GOLD, FANCY ENGRAVED, HUNTING-CASE WATCH, LADIES' SIZE, PRICE $17.50.
OFFER NO. 28.

No. 28 is a watch of the very latest style. The works contain seven jewels and all improvements. The case is solid gold, fancy engraved in a beautiful pattern. This watch is worth $25. We will send it, delivery gauranteed, and prepaid, for only.....$17.50

HUNTING-CASE GOLD WATCH. LADIES' SIZE, PRICE $10.
OFFER NO. 24.

No. 24 is a Ladies' size, seven-jeweled watch, in an engraved hunting-case. This case is made by rolling a heavy sheet of solid gold upon a sheet of very stiff composition metal. It is just like a $50 solid gold watch in appearance. This is a great bargain, and we cannot recommend it too highly. It gives any person who has a small amount to spend a chance to own a gold watch. Price, by insured registered mail.....$10

SOLID SILVER WATCH.
HUNTING-CASE, WALTHAM OR ELGIN.
LADIES' SIZE, PRICE $9.50.
OFFER NO. 21.

No. 21 is a solid coin-silver hunting-case Waltham or Elgin watch. In the works are seven jewels, compensation balance, safety pinion, plain regulator and all improvements. Like all the watches we offer, it is a stem-wind and setter. Sent to any subscriber, safe delivery guaranteed, for.....$9.50

HOW TO ORDER A WATCH—Select the one you desire to purchase and mention it by number. Give your own name, Postoffice, County and State plainly written. Enclose the price of the watch by draft, Postoffice Money Order, Express Money Order, or Registered Letter, and address

"THE CITIZEN" NEWSPAPER CO.,
69 Dearborn-st., Chicago, Ill.

SAILORS' JONAHS.

JACK'S SUPERSTITIONS HAD STRANGE FORMS IN EARLY DAYS.

Stolen Wood Mortised Into the Keel to Make the Vessel Sail Faster—Lawyers, Women and Clergymen Looked at With Disfavor on Sailing Vessels.

Lieutenant J. D. Jerrold Kelley gives an interesting chapter of "Superstitions of the Sea" in The Century. After studying them fairly well he doubts if modern sailors are more superstitious than any other class with equal training and opportunities. He believes that everybody is leavened with superstition, notably the noisiest scoffers and those mountebanks, the Thirteen clubs, for these gentry protest too much. It seems to be a human instinct, modified by racial inheritances and developments. In the youth of the world its manifestations were the earliest recorded utterances of men concerning the visible phenomena of the universe, and its grip on simple words was an outgrowth of the fear of the unknown. Of all people sailors must deal at first hand, and helplessly to some degree, with the most unknowable, uncontrollable of material problems, the sea, and it is only natural that their folklore should be in part land stories fitted with sea meaning and in part of blind explanation of sea phenomena, both being maintained valorously by the grewsome conservatism of the seaman, even after rational causes come to the rescue.

In earlier days superstition was as much a part of every ship as the water she was to float in, for it entered with the wood scarfed into her keel and climbed to the flags and garlands waving at her mastheads. It ran riotously at her launching, controlled her name, her crew and cargoes. It timed her days and hours of sailing and convoyed her voyages. It summoned apparitions for her ill fortune and evoked portents and signs for her prosperity. It made winds blow foul or fair, governed her successful ventures and arrivals, and when her work was done promised a port of rest somewhere off the shores of Fiddler's Green, where all good sailors rest eternally, or threatened foul moorings deep in the uncanny locker of Davy Jones of ballad memory.

In many countries stolen wood was mortised into the keel, as it made the ship sail faster at night, though if the first blow struck in fashioning this keel drew fire the ship was doomed to wreck upon her maiden voyage. Silver—usually a coin—placed in the mainmast step went for lucky ventures, and misguided indeed was the owner who permitted any of the unlucky timbers to enter into the construction. Something of the ceremonious character given to launchings survives to this day. Where of old ships were decked with flowers and crowns of leaves flags now flutter. The libation poured on the deck, the purification by the priest, the anointing with egg and sulphur, find their exemplars in the well aimed and wasted magnums which are shattered on the receding cutwater as the craft, released from the ways, slips, well greased, into the sea. The jar of wine put to his lips by the captain and then emptied on deck, the cakes and ale set before the crew, the stoup of wine offered to passersby on the quay and the refusal of which was an evil omen—all are realized in these sadder lustrums by the builder's feast in the mold loft. Lawyers, clergymen and women are over looked at with disfavor on sailing ships as sure to bring ill luck—lawyers undoubtedly from the antipathy of sailors to the class, a dislike so pronounced that "sea lawyer" is a very bitter term of reproach, and "land shark" is a synonym. Clergymen—priests and parsons—are unlucky probably because of their black gowns and their principal duty on shipboard—that of consoling the dying and burying the dead—though possibly because the devil, the great storm raiser, is their especial enemy and sends tempests to destroy them. Women—who may reason out their unpopularity?—save that a ship is the last place for them, or perhaps because of the dread of witches, for of all spell workers in human form none is so dreaded as the female brewers of hell broth. Like the priests of the middle ages, they can raise a prime quality of storm by tossing sand or stones in the air and, like Congreve's Lapland sorceress, are supposed to live by selling contrary winds and wrecked vessels. Certain families could never get sea employment under their own surnames, not even such members as were born with cauls, for they were tabooed, barred. And many animals—hares, pigs and black cats, for example—could neither be carried nor mentioned on shipboard, save under very stringent conditions. Scarborough wives kept a black cat in the house to assure their husbands' lives at sea, but on voyages every black cat carried a gale in her tail, and if she became unusually frolicsome a storm was sure to follow.

Years ago on board the flagship Franklin, up the Mediterranean, we had a yarn that illustrated a survival of this antipathy to certain forms of animal life. Two old quartermasters were heard during the morning watch exchanging in the cockpit dismal experiences of their dreams the night before. One was particularly harrowing, for the narrator wound up with: "And I say, Bill, I was never so afeared in my life. When I woke up, it seemed as true as day, and I was all of trembl[e] like an asp on a leaf."

"What's that?" said the [illegible] "Pipe down. Don't mention [illegible] night. It's a hoodoo on shipboard."

Figureheads were at first images of [illegible] and later of saints and sea heroes, and were held in high reverence, and the eyes glaring from each bow of a Chinese junk enable the boat to voyage intelligently, for "no have two eyes, how can see? No can see, how can do?" is the shibboleth of their sailors. Ships' bells were blessed, and today if a mistake in their striking is made by a stupid messenger boy, they are struck back [illegible] to break the spell. In one ship to which [illegible] attached the bell had come down [illegible] from the Ticonderoga, through the [illegible], I think, and was supposed to be under the special control of a blue spirit of mischief. Why the blue spirit should indulge in such vagaries is hidden, but in the middle of deep sea nights, when the moon rode in an auspicious quarter, and the wind blew with the force and from the direction necessary for the spell, the blue bell was bound to make a complete circle and ring out nine bells stridently. Of course no one ever heard or ought to hear nine bells at sea, for eight bells are as fixed in limit as the decalogue, but this was promised. Whether the conditions failed to co-ordinate I cannot say, but though the bell was watched by all sorts and conditions of men the occult ceremony was never performed for our benefit. It is necessary to add that by report it was a common event in the other ships mentioned.

The proverbial desertion of sinking ships by rats is founded upon reason and undoubtedly occurs, for as rats like to prowl about dry footed and will stick to one place so long as food is plenty it is probable that the ship they leave is so leaky and unseaworthy that their underdeck work is too wet to suit them.

A STORY OF THACKERAY.

Which Illustrates the Gentle Thoughtfulness of the Famous Novelist.

As toward the end of October a little over 40 years ago the night train of the Chemin de Fer du Nord was about to leave the station at Paris an English gentleman got into a first class compartment, and stowing away his small valise took his seat in one of the vacant corners. He noticed that on the seat opposite to him was a gentleman who appeared to be ill. His face was deathly pale; he was breathing very hard and appeared to be in great pain.

"Are you ill, sir? Can I be of any assistance to you?" the gentleman asked.

"I am very ill," the sufferer replied faintly. "I am subject to a very painful malady, and feeling an attack coming on while in Switzerland I resolved to go home—to England. It generally gives me a week's warning. But I feel I shall not reach Calais alive."

"But you must not go on, my dear sir," said his fellow traveler feelingly.

"I am a perfect stranger in Paris. I have come right through from Geneva, and I do not know a word of French," replied the sick man, almost in a state of collapse.

"It will never do for you to travel in that state. Come, let me help you out before the train starts."

The kindly gentleman was not a moment too soon. But by the friendly aid of a porter he got the sufferer out of the train, placed him gently in a cab and had him taken to the hotel which he himself had just quitted and where he knew the sick man would receive every attention. Caring for him on the way with all the tenderness of a woman, he bade him cheer up, for he knew a physician who was one of the highest authorities on the particular disease from which he was suffering.

All the night the gentleman was exceedingly ill, nor did he improve much the next day. The following morning a relation of the sufferer, who had been telegraphed for, arrived, and the kind hearted gentleman who had put off his journey to England, thrown away his railway fare and spent two nights and a day almost constantly by the sick man's side handed over the sufferer to the care of his friend.

Then, and not till then, did this golden hearted man decide to resume his interrupted journey.

Going into the patient's room in the evening to bid him goodby, he said:

"I must now wish you farewell, as I have important business in London. I wish you a hearty godspeed toward recovery."

The sick man was still extremely ill and not able to do more than press his benefactor's hand and whisper a few words of gratitude.

The relative of the patient, however, who was no other than his sister, followed the gentleman out of the room and said:

"You have not done me the favor to tell me to whom I am [illegible] so signal an act of kindness which you have shown to a stranger. Had you not [illegible] and so disinterestedly taken pity on him I fear his relatives and friends would never have seen him again alive. In thanking you again for your kindness, therefore, I should like to know to whom we are so much indebted. Besides you forfeited the cost of your railway ticket. If you will allow me to reimburse you the amount"——

"Do not mention it," said the gentleman. "It is of no consequence."

"You will at least do me the favor of permitting us to know your name."

"Certainly. I will give you my card."

With these words the gentleman took out his cardcase and handed the lady his card. She read upon it the name "William Makepeace Thackeray."

It was some weeks before the invalid was well enough to resume his journey, but after his return to England one of the first visits he paid was [illegible] upon the great novelist in company [illegible] sister to thank him personally for the great kindness he had shown [illegible] as he believed, he should have died but for his timely assistance.—London Million.

Mme. Langrana.

There is much talk just now of a new singer, Mme. Pheone Langrana, an Indian lady and a pupil of [illegible] Royalties are patronizing [illegible] people are running [illegible] to hear her singing before Queen Victoria [illegible] Her sympathies are Persian [illegible] ranged as songs. As far as [illegible] is the first Indian woman to [illegible] tinction as a public singer. [illegible] passed an examination in law at Oxford and is now practicing in Bombay.—London Letter.

PROVERBS ABOUT TREES.

Beautiful Thoughts Finely Expressed by the Eloquent Hindoos.

Many are the proverbs relating to trees which are to be heard in India. Among the proverbs that speak of the banyan tree is one which says, "As the banyan [illegible] its hanging shoots; as the father, so [illegible] son." This probably means that if the tree be in good soil and well nourished it will be strong and thriving; so will its shoots. Just so the father's health and character will be reflected in his son. Tales of brinjals growing on a banyan tree is an expression equivalent to "travelers' tales"—a gentle hit that the narrator is drawing the long bow. The nimb (Azadirachita indica) recalls a saying the appropriateness of which can be understood by those who know its thick shade, and who know also what the burning heat of a tropical sun is, "A mother's love is like the shade of the nimb tree."

It is a beautiful thing, this Hindoo mother's love, seldom, if ever, absent, and carried often even to such excess that it becomes weakness. It is so deep and true that it cannot understand—the action is altogether beyond its comprehension—that a mother could part with her young children for them to be educated in another country. The wild fig tree is said not to flower at all, yet people believe that it really does so, only it is at night, and then but for a minute or two, although if procured it is marvelously beneficial; hence it comes to be applied to a visit from a friend after long absence—a great rarity. Another form of it is, "To meet with the flower of the wild fig and to meet you are alike." There is a description of laziness than which it would be difficult to find anything more explicit, "To die from starvation beneath a ripe fig tree."

The teak tree (Tectona grandis) is the one tree of all others in India that is useful and indispensable. It is not, therefore, surprising to find this belief expressed as follows: "Among trees there is only one—the teak. The rest are old women." The same truth is expressed in a different way, "Wood of the teak and the child of a king." But these are the very best of their kind; as is the importance and rank of a prince among subjects, so is the quality of the teak among trees. Two sayings relating to the mango (Mangifera indica) may be given: "Let us throw a stone in the mango tree and see. If it hit, it will hit. If it doesn't, it won't." It is the equivalent of "having a shot" at a thing—trying to get something out of a good and benevolent man. If it succeed, well. If not, then there is nothing lost.—Times of India.

Testimony of Finger Prints.

When a finger or a finger print is closely examined under a lens of only moderate power, it is seen to abound in minute peculiarities. These are caused by the branchings of some of the ridges, the sudden appearance of new ones, the formation of rings, or ovals, like eyelets, and the abrupt stoppage of ridges without any apparent cause.

It is in these countless little peculiarities even more than in the general character of the pattern that the value of finger prints as proof of identity lies, for these appearances, however minute, do not change in the smallest particular during life. A pattern may be traced on the fingers of the babe when born; it will be found the same on those fingers when he has grown to manhood and may be imprinted from the fingers of the dead without change in the smallest point, though a hundred years should intervene between birth and death.

The pattern grows together with the finger. Its proportions vary with fatness or leanness. They may be further affected by wear, gout or age. But such changes appear in the pattern as a whole, never in the form of correlation of its constituent parts. The latter may become altered in length or breadth by hard wear of a peculiar kind, but the number of ridges that concur forming the pattern, their embracements, their archings, loops and other minute characteristics, are not susceptible to change. They are indestructible on the finger.—All the Year Round.

Train Service In Europe.

"English engineers, finding it necessary to adopt our system of train ferries and not wishing to give us credit for inaugurating that system, have managed to discover a Sir John somebody who worked the whole thing up 15 years ago." A New York paper says: "There seems to be nothing in the way of running unbroken trains between London and Paris, except the necessary capital and the employment of sufficient technical skill. If the London, Chatham and Dover would combine with the Northern of France and employ an experienced American engineer to plan and construct the docks and appliances for embarking and landing the trains, and at the same time send to any of the shipbuilding establishments on our great lakes for a man to construct the ferryboats, the arrangement could be perfected in a year and a half or two years, when freight and passengers could be transported from any part of Great Britain to the continent, and eventually to all of Asia and Africa, without change of cars or break of bulk."

The system of train ferries will no doubt be established throughout Europe in a few years and will do much to expedite and cheapen transit.—Engineering Mechanic.

Patriotic.

"Yes," said young Mrs. Minder, "Charley was out rather late last night, but I didn't have the heart to scold him. He was engaged in a patriotic celebration."

"How do you know?" asked the woman whose husband was on with Charley.

"Because he came home with a lot of red, white and blue pieces of ivory. I don't know just what they are for, but the colors show they have something to do with patriotism."—Washington Post.

A FLYING COMEDY.

Tale of an Uncontrollable Wheel, a Frightened Rider and Two Good Samaritans.

It all happened on a South Side avenue.

The shades of night were getting in their work, and the peace of a righteous community was filtering through the atmosphere. Brown and Jones were enjoying their last cigars and conversing on stocks. There is nothing frivolous or flighty about Brown or Jones.

Suddenly there came a swish of feminine skirts, a skurry of a bicycle, and through the darkened air a shrill wail faltered, "Oh, won't you [illegible] help me?" Then a bicycle at [illegible] sped across the street crossing, and Brown and Jones stared at each other aghast.

"O-o-oh!" [illegible] cried the voice of the disappearing rider.

"What [illegible] thunder does she want help about?" gasped Jones.

"She wasn't [illegible] over!" cried Brown.

"Her wheel was all right!"

"No one was pursuing"——

"Help!" floated back to the crossing. Without [illegible] gush of alarm two cigars were flung to destruction, and two reputable citizens went sprinting down Lake avenue. Never since their college days have Jones and Brown made a running record like the one credited to that night's performance, with a movable goal for an object. One block, 2 blocks, 2½, and the fleeing wheel with its [illegible] bing rider came into view.

With an extraordinary [illegible] and Jones caught up, grabbed the handle bars and stopped the wild progress of the modern Flying Dutchman.

"What" — began Jones. "How"—gasped Brown, who was stout and unpleasantly conscious of something ridiculous in the whole proceeding.

"Oh!" quivered the feminine rider, who was not young and not fair. "Oh, how can I ever th-thank you! Oh, my goodness, what a scare! I can ride, you know—just learned—but I can't turn around, and I can't mount, and I can't stop my wheel, and I was getting farther away from home every minute, and, oh, dear, what would I have done if"——

Jones coughed. In her excitement the distressed lady was reposing against his shirt front. It was a fresh shirt front, and her act disturbed him.

"Shall we get you started for home?" queried Brown, who always had presence of mind.

"Oh, if you would!" said the distressed lady, and then the two reputable citizens put her on her wheel, turned it around, pushed her half a block and saw her disappear in the darkness, leaving a trail of inarticulate gasps, thanks, protests and exclamations in her wake.

Stillness fell over Lake avenue. Brown and Jones stuffed their handkerchiefs into their collars and looked at each other meditatively. Suddenly Brown went into convulsions. He grabbed Jones' arm.

"How," he stuttered, "how, I say, is that fool woman going to stop when she does get home?"

Then they sat down on the curbstone to recover and incidentally to calculate whether the woman who hadn't learned how to make the wheels stop going round would eventually reach the north pole or be drowned in Lake Superior.

"And yet," Brown says scornfully, when he tells the adventure, "yet some misguided mortals claim that women have sense enough to vote and decide the fate of the nation! Humph!"—Chicago News.

How Moody Made His Money.

"Mr. Moody's money—where does it come from?" some people have asked in connection with his mission work and his pushing of the Northfield schools.

Fabulous sums have been made by successful authors through the publication of their works, but the individual profits of the greatest writer or novelist who ever achieved fame and fortune would be insignificant to what has been derived from a little book by 4 book called "Gospel Hymns and Sacred Songs," by D. L. Moody, P. P. Bliss and Ira D. Sankey. Millions of hands have turned the pages of the little volume, and millions of [illegible] rendered praise [illegible] publishing firms, both in England and the United States, have made significent fortunes from the sale of the work, [illegible] grow larger every yea[illegible]

The er[illegible] $250,000 cash has been [illegible] to the interests represen[illegible] ody since the ok was fir[illegible] 20 years ago. he sale [illegible] said to have ached th[illegible] total of 20,000,000 volu[illegible] rice of these books as ran[illegible] cents up to $1.25, or whatever [illegible] the selling price Mr. Moody has received the uniform royalty of [illegible] ent.—Boston Record.

Germany's Strict Laws.

In no country is the government more strict than in Germany. If a foreigner wishes to remain in a town for some days, he must take his passport to the police and receive in exchange for it, together with a sixpenny piece, a permit card, which entitles him to remain there for six months. The passport is pigeonholed. If, however, you desire to change your lodging, both you and your landlord must give notice to the police. This system recommends itself not a little, for it prevents pauper immigration.

No German is allowed to leave the country unless he can show he has done the military service required of him. If a man is on the point of starting, he must delay his departure until he gets a passport showing that he is a free man.

A most severe press censorship is exercised, and there is no free press like we know it. Any derogatory remark relative to the sovereign is visited with heavy punishment and frequently an editor is at a total loss to know why his office has been seized. Foreign publications are always scrutinized before they are allowed to be circulated, and if there is any criticism reflecting on the laws of the kingdom the paper is confiscated.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

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Columbia No 2—Thomas Croak, C R, 93 Walnut st; Martin Dowling, Rec Sec, 152 N May st; J E Kelley, Fin Sec; P J Sheehy, Treas; Dr P H Conley, Med Ex. Meet 1st Wednesday at 8 p m, and 3d Sunday at 3 p m, in Anchor Hall, 523 W Indiana st.

Sacred Heart No 3—Hugh P Moran, C R, 263 Thirtieth st; John Fitzgerald, Rec Sec, 27 West Eighteenth-st; Michael J. McGarry, Fin Sec; Henry Powers, Treas; Dr William King, Med Ex. Meet 1st and 3d Thursdays at Canalport av and Union st.

St Pius No 4—F T Nichol, C R, 343 Hastings st; Francis McEneany, Rec Sec, 729 Hinman st; F M Quinn, Fin Sec; John Durkin, Treas; Dr David O'Shea, Med Ex. Meet 2d and 4th Fridays at 8 p m at Nineteenth st and Ashland av.

Jacques Cartier No 5—Michael Cyr, C R, 66 Winthrop place; John W Twohey, Rec Sec, 344 Jaffin st; Louis Jordain, Fin Sec; [illegible]ron, Treas; Dr P Lesage, Med Ex. Meet 2d and 4th Sundays at 183 Blue Island av.

St John's No 6—Stephen Dake, C R, 1825 Dearborn st; James Donohue, Rec Sec, 4033 Dearborn st; Dennis McGrath, Fin Sec; Martin D Kearney, Treas; Dr Dan'l H. Sullivan, Med Ex. Meet 1st Sunday and 3rd Monday at 3 p m in Prosperity Hall, Eighteenth and State sts.

St James No 7—D B Quinlan, C R, 3119 State st; H S Hewson, Rec Sec, 85 Fifth av; W J Eller, Fin Sec; P M Clowry, Treas; Dr P S McDonald, Med Ex. Meet 1st and 3rd Fridays in Arlington Hall, Indiana av and Thirty-first st.

St Joseph No 8—George H McMann, C R, 339 S Centre av; William A Hoyne, Rec Sec, 27 Arthington place; John J Lawler, Fin Sec; James J Prindiville, Treas; Dr John J Leahy, Med Ex. Meet 2nd Sunday at 2:30 p m and 4th Wednesday at 7:30 p m in Sodality Hall, May and Eleventh sts.

St Mary's No 10—Patrick Flanagan, C R, 3340 Yorktown st; W G Brennan, Rec Sec, 1821 Indiana av; James Drury, Fin Sec; Wm White, Treas; Dr J P Smyth, Med Ex. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesdays at St Mary's church.

Nativity No 11—Matthew Lamb, C R, 3305 Auburn av; Michael Ryan, 2958 Love av; Charles P Holbrook, Fin Sec; Wm L O'Brien, Treas; Dr John B McNamara, Med Ex. Meet 1st Sunday and 3rd Tuesday in Queally's Hall, 3749 S Halsted st.

St Patrick's No 12—John Davy, C R, 180 S Peoria st; Thomas J Garrity, Rec Sec, 454 Winchester a[illegible]; Frank P O'Donnell, Fin Sec; John J Leary, Treas; Dr C Hogan, Med Ex. Meet 1st and 3d Wednesdays in Fitzgerald's Hall, corner Adams and Halsted sts.

Marquette No 13—John C Curtis, C R, 464 Austin av; J J Gallagher, Rec Sec, 356 W Huron st; J M O'Halloran, Fin Sec; L Foley, Treas; Dr P H Conley, Med Ex. Meet 2nd Sunday and last Friday at 528 W Indiana st.

Holy Name No 14—Hugh Manley, C R; Austin F Minogue, Rec Sec, 211 Townsend st; John F Owens, Fin Sec; Maurice C Cooney, Treas. Meet 2nd and 4th Tuesdays in School hall, Cass st and Chicago av.

St Thomas No 15—Thomas Mulvihill, C R, 328 Fifty-fourth st; John Mott, Rec Sec, 5743 Kimbark av; M D Mooney, Fin Sec; Dennis Gleeson, Treas; Dr J A Hemstager, Med Ex. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays at 8 p m at 5475 Woodlawn av.

St. Gabriel No 16—Lawrence Phee, C R, 1045 W 57th st; R S, J V Cook, 743 W 43d st; F S, John Hale; Treas, William Tracy. Meet in Allen's hall, 700 W 43d st.

St Ignatius No 18—C K, J D Tighe, 433 S Morgan st; R S, J J Owens; F S, C J Reilly; Treas, T J Lee. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursdays at 446 W Twelfth st.

Western Reserve No 19—C R, Luke Cassidy, 881 W Lake st; R S, H T Kelly, 25 Owasco st; S, Michael Muldoon; Treas, John J Byrne. Meet 2nd Sunday and 4th Wednesday at 1086 Lake st.

St. Nicholas No 20—C R, John Schaeter, 2501 S Canal st; R S, Joseph Umhofer, 559 27th st; F S, H J Jansen; Treas, Math W Folz. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesday in basement of St Antonius church, Canal st and 24th place.

St Patrick's No 21—C R, Andrew McCarthy, Escanaba av and 90th st; R S, Wm P Doran, 9225 Superior av; F S, James Lynch; Treas, James W Riley. Meet 1st Saturday and 3rd Tuesday in Centennial hall, South Chicago.

St Elizabeth's No. 22—C R, Bernard Burns, 4730 Wentworth av; R S, C A Riedy, 4036 Dearborn st; F S, Hugh O'Hare; Treas, Thos M Curtin. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays in Graper's hall, 40th and State sts.

St Sylvester's No 23—C R, Ed N Ashenden, 91 S Water st; R S, Edw W Nye, 27 Mozart st; F S, Wm E Flynn; Treas, Jos E Walsh. Meet 2d and 4th Sunday, at North and Western avs.

St Benedict No 24—C R, Anton Graf, 400 Division st; R S, Wm Klein, 82 Mohawk st; F S, Jos H Hahn; Treas, Andrew L Williams. Meet 2nd and 4th Wednesday in St Joseph's hall, corner Hill and Franklin sts.

Notre Dame No 25—C R, Pierre Plante, 647 Laflin st; R S, W C Dore, 46 Hastings st; F S, Honore Lacasse; Treas, E E Foisy. Meet 1st and 3d Sunday at 188 Blue Island av.

St Aloysius No 26—C R, John Koelzer, 103 23rd place; R S, Joseph Seitz, 164 E 18th st; F S, John W Metz; Treas, Val Schmittschmitt. Meet in chapel of St Peter's church, Clark and Polk sts.

St Aloysius No 27—C R, James Murphy, 38 W 15th st; R S Julius Esler, 634 W 15th st; F S, J J Smith; Treas, Wm Turner. Meet 2nd and 4th Sundays at 2:30 p m, in Father Matthew's Temperance hall, corner Taylor and Miller sts.

Annunciation No 28—C R, John C Cremin, 772 N Lincoln st; R S, John J Deneen, 411 Glenwood av; F S, Henry H Canevin; Treas, James Burke. Meet 1st and 3d Fridays in Flynn's hall, corner North av and Robey st.

St Ambrose No 29—C R, Nicolaus Hippchen, 132 Ambrose st; R S, Aug Ehlebracht, 1037 S Leavitt st; F S, J F Maibach; Treas, M Lillig. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays at 165 Ambrose st.

Immaculate Conception No 30—C R, Jas McCarthy, 326 Cleveland av; R S, P J McDonnell, 31 Goethe st; F S, Jos Holden; Treas, Michael Reed. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays at 8 p m, in Phoenix hall.

St Vincent De Paul No 31—C R, J P Lusk, 1127 Noble av; R S, C W Dorland, 978 Seminary av; F S, James Conway; Treas, P McGuire. Meet 1st Sunday, school hall, Webster av and Osgood.

St Stephen's No 32—C R, T J McDonough, 78 Austin av; R S, J E Stephan, 219 Cleveland av; F S, P J Schwab; Treas, Dennis Mitchell. Meet 2d and 4th Mondays at 192 W Chicago av.

St Michael's No 33—C R, John J Blindauler, 485 Larrabee st; R S, Peter E Neuses, 76 Hudson av; F S, John Adler; Treas, Henry Schomer. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays in St Michael's hall, North and Hudson avs.

St Martin's No 34—C R, Nick Diener, 575 Wells st; R S, A C Lipke, 129 Hudson av; F S, Fred Krings; Treas, J C Cremer. Meet 2nd and 4th Saturday in Brand's hall, Clybourne av and Halsted st.

Cathedral No 36—C R, F T Seanlan, 220 La Salle av; R S, P J Flannery, 225 N Market st; F S, M Conroy; T, J M Klenke. Meet 2d and 4th Monday, corner Chicago av and Cass st, at 8 p m.

St Agnes No 37—C R, Michael F Dalton, 3806 Kedzie av; R S, Daniel Kane, 3728 Blanchard av; F S, John Flynn; T, Thomas Clarisey. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays in Larney's hall, Archer and Western avs.

Blessed Virgin No 38—C R, Peter Doyle, 71 Cicero court; R S, James D Kendrick, 182 S Albany av; F S, Joseph Bieber; T, Michael Hart. Meet 1st Sunday at 2:30 and 3d Thursday at 7:30 in Ruhl's hall, California av and Harvard st.

St Ann's No 39—C R, Thomas A Kenny, 5512 Wentworth av; R S, Wm Cole, 5723 Armour av; F S, Martin J Burk; T, F C Kurwin. Meet 3rd Friday at 5500 Wentworth av.

St Alphonsus No 40—C R, Henry Becking, 1004 Belmont av; R S, Geo F Grossell, 1030 Wolfram st; F S, John W Schmitt; T, L B Schagemann. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesdays in St Alphonsus hall, corner Southport and Wrightwood avs.

Laval No 41—C R, Adolph Fournier, 2060 Joseph st; R S, T T Pratte, 2851 Archer av; F S, P DeGuise; T, Joseph Bouffard. Meet in Larney's hall, Western and Archer avs.

St Bridget's No 42—C R, John F Long

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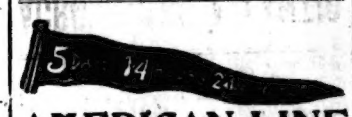

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